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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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WHEN WE HUSKED CORN.

October scorching from the trees,
And naked lies the shivering vine;
While dimly o'er the distant seas
The fading lights of summer shine.
Along the lawn the zephyr blows
Deep scented from his noonday horn,
And homeward troop the girls and beaux
From husking of the corn.

I mind me well that autumn day,
When five-and-twenty years ago,
We turned our labor into play,
And husked the corn for neighbor Lowe.
Ah! wife, we were the blithest pair
That e'er in wedded love were born;
For I was gay and you were fair
At husking of the corn.

Oh! how we sung and how we laughed!
Our hearts at lightly on our lips,
As we the golden cider quaffed,
And passed the bowl with rustic quips.
And when sly hints of love went round,
You glanced at me with pouting scorn,
Yet smiled, although you fain would frown,
At husking of the corn.

Then when I found the scarlet ear,
And claimed the old traditioned kiss,
You bade me not approach too near,
And pleaded that, and pleaded this—
Away you fled, and I pursued,
Till all too faint you were to warn,
And—know you not how well I wooed,
At husking of the corn?

Original Novelet.

AMAZONIA.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY H. W. PERTIT.

CHAPTER VII.

AGAIN BANISHED.

A grand entertainment at Falcondale Hall came off a short time after Major Casper's masquerade as in the natural course of things. The wealthy heiress, it was reported, was fresh from the elegant saloons of Paris, and it would excel in splendor all the preceding entertainments which had been given in the country. The event surpassed their most sanguine speculations. All that money and exquisite taste could do towards perfecting every appointment was done. Lavish expenditure, such as is only seen amongst the sovereign princes of America, appeared on every hand. The gaudier trappings of the Major were here, however, supplanted by articles from which all flaunting ostentation was chastened into poetic harmony. Woman's appropriate instinct was evident every where.

Falcondale Hall blazed with lights; carriages continually drove up, and scarcely a minute passed that did not announce some new arrival. A gay equipage comes dashing up the winding road and stops before the main entrance of the building. Footmen, with ready alacrity, hasten to open the door, but the occupant, disdaining their assistance, springs impatiently out, and ascends the marble steps with all the air of eager haste. It was Altamont. He had not had an interview with Julian Paul, or seen Miss Falcondale, since their last meeting at Major Carper's. This evening he determined was to witness an explanation, and end his torturing suspense. He loved Lydia Falcondale; this fact he concealed not from himself, and we will not undertake to conceal it from our readers. That she was not entirely indifferent to him was as equally evident as that she stood in fear of Julian Paul. He had called on her several times since her return home, and had as often been refused. The stereotyped "Not at home" invariably silenced his inquiries. And as to Julian Paul, his whereabouts could not be discovered.

Henry was announced. Making an easy bow to his acquaintances, he advanced to the station of the fair hostess, and paid his most graceful respects. This was the first time he had ever beheld her face. On two former occasions it had been masked, and upon their first meeting it was concealed by a thick veil—its surpassing loveliness exceeded all his anticipations. Such spiritualized intelligence as beamed from those classic features he had not expected; and the soft romance shadowed forth from her large, dreamy eyes, was far different from the cold, calculating expression in the gaze of the simply intellectual woman. She looked an empress, as with majestic air she dispensed smiles to her guests. She received our hero with a faint blush tinging her snowy neck, as she recalled the scene of their last interview, and felt his ardent gaze taking a full inventory of her every feature. Later in the evening Henry led her to the piano, and solicited a song. As her glorious voice broke forth in a gush of sweet harmony he listened with all the rapture that lovers only feel. It was an old song often sung by him and his hermit friend far away in the western wilderness. This strange coincidence did not strike his attention at first, and it was not until he detected the fair performer stealing a glance towards him, as if to mark its effect upon him, that he noticed anything remarkable in the selection. The song was finished amid much applause; for the execution was truly excellent, and the songstress the most beautiful woman in the rooms, and who can withhold compliments from beautiful women? Altamont's brain seemed strained to grasp some half defined thought, some dim recollection of circumstance or features that appeared as if the faint memory of a dream. A strange discovery seemed to have broken upon his mind, so strange as to forbid belief. He stood amazed at his own thoughts, the light gradually breaking upon his mind, and would have undoubtedly unravelled our plot in a few minutes more so completely as to have ended our tale without ceremony, had not Miss Falcondale tapped him playfully on the shoulder, and said,

"I was doubly unfortunate in playing a piece not deemed worthy of a word of commendation from you, Mr. Altamont, and at the same time having such an unhappy effect upon your spirits. Positively, it seems as if your thoughts were wandering far away from this festive scene."

"The deepest admiration does not find expression," said he. "My taste, however faulty it may be, does not prompt me to a repetition of the worn out 'How beautiful!' or 'What an exquisite air!' &c. Those phrases have become to me meaningless."

"But then, you know, we ladies so love compliments, and flattery is our delight."

"Would you have me on beholding a gigantic mountain on the majestic Mississippi, ejaculate 'a nice!' Or on listening to the deafening roar, viewing the descending columns of the mighty waters, exclaim 'Oh, how pretty!'"

"Such taste would be of course the height of the ridiculous, but I scarcely perceive your drift."

"My meaning is this," said the gallant Altamont, "that appropriate words do not exist to express my emotions or my appreciation of many beauties in nature and art. The song for instance with which you have just favored us."

"A truce! a truce!" exclaimed Lydia. "Your mode of compliment is truly Oriental. I beg a cessation of hostilities until I can recover breath—I am appeased. Your flattery is so ponderous as to crush one."

Engaged in a conversation of this light and pleasant character, they wandered through the saloons, until at last they found themselves in an arbor in the conservatory. Leaving them there, we will devote a moment's attention to Julian Paul. He was at once the cousin, guardian and intended husband of Lydia Falcondale. Losing both father and mother in his infancy, he found a home with his uncle at Falcondale Hall. The bright, intelligent boy grew up the companion and protector of his little cousin, and as their intimacy ripened with their years, the father conceived the idea of uniting their fortunes, which were quite large, by marriage. Julian was at this period about graduating from college, and had nearly attained his majority, while Lydia was but a blushing school-girl in her teens. Shortly after Falcondale had decided the fate of the two children in this easy manner, he was taken sick, and in a few days closed his eyes in death. Just before expiring he placed the hand of his daughter in that of his nephew, and confided her happiness and fortune to his keeping. On opening his will it was found that Lydia was commanded, on the pain of having her fortune sacrificed, to fulfil her father's dying request and most darling project. Soon after his uncle's demise, Julian Paul took an affectionate leave of his cousin, and accompanied his old friend and schoolmate, Henry Altamont, on a tour to Europe.

Being of a weak, unprincipled character, he yielded to the allurements of every vice. At the German Springs he lived at the gambling houses, and spent every waking moment at the hazard-tables. Altamont strove with him, and used every endeavor to draw him away from the maddening game, and finally succeeded. They went to Italy, and there Altamont was forced by ill health to go home, while Paul hurried back to the gambling hells of Baden Baden. He played with unprecedented success. Every bank he staked against became bankrupt. He lived in the most princely magnificence, and squandered fortunes on the merest caprices. He gave parties at an expense of thousands, and held levees that rivalled royalty itself. But all this ended as usual—the scale was turned—in a few unlucky throws he lost all. Every cent of his possessions was swallowed in the ruin with the exception of a few hundred dollars. The old story of the ruined gamester was enacted again—despair, neglect, poverty, and almost suicide. No, he would not do that; was there not Lydia Falcondale betrothed to him, and did she not possess a large fortune sufficient for them both? To be sure, when he possessed a million of ill gotten gold he forgot the humble American girl with her little dot of two hundred thousand dollars, and cast his eyes amongst dames of more noble extraction for a fitting mate. But it was an easy task for him, now that his estate was gone, to refresh his memory with his uncle's expiring request. Was she not bound to fulfil her promise to wed him by the most imperative commands? She could refuse him only at the sacrifice of her property. Julian Paul, the penniless gambler and reckless spendthrift, therefore decided on returning, and by marrying the pure, high minded Lydia, retrieve his fallen fortunes. He returned. His reputation had preceded him. But by an appearance of great penitence, and his manifesting a desire to reform, he won a hearing from his cousin. She admitted his claims to her hand; recognised the betrothal, and stated it as her intention to fulfil the promise made to her father before his decease to marry her cousin, but she named no definite period when the rite should consummate the engagement, placing it at soonest at some far distant day.

On his arrival he found the prize nearly snatched from his grasp by Henry Altamont, his old travelling companion. He brought about the scene which drove the sensitive youth, covered with mortification, into exile. Hoping the remembrance of Amazonia had banished him forever, he turned once more to importune his reluctant cousin and ward to name the happy day, but she escaped his troublesome pertinacity by suddenly making an escapade one morning, leaving a line for Paul, to the effect that she intended to spend the summer in travel, and now, as the reader has seen, she has returned very nearly at the same time with Altamont; and again our unfortunate gambler finds his apprehensions aroused by a growing intimacy between Henry and his cousin. Hating his rival with his whole heart, he determined to leave no stone unturned until he had succeeded in displacing him, and if necessary to work his destruction.

We have left our hero and Miss Falcondale alone quite long enough to allow the general tone of their conversation to assume a more personal nature. It seemed that among the young sportsmen, who had first accompanied Henry into the forest, was a correspondent of "The Spirit of the Times," who could not refrain from indulging the readers of that sheet with an account of their adventures, freely using names, dates, and localities—thereby publishing Altamont's residence to the world, while he imagined he was secure from intrusion by the total ignorance of his friends as to his whereabouts. Lydia seemed acquainted, as far as the sportsman's information went, with his adventures. Beyond that Altamont found an eager listener in relating the occurrences that had transpired during his hermit life. He expatiated largely upon the excellencies of his forest companion, of the manner in which they became acquainted—and the great affection he bore for him. This conversation continued unflagging in its wild interest, rivetting the attention of the delighted Lydia for an hour, when fearing her absence from the saloons might be noticed, she suggested the idea of returning. No word of love had passed as yet between them, though the language of eyes and actions had pleaded his cause with the most artful eloquence. She arose from her seat in order to return to the parlor. Henry, more reluctant, still retained his seat. As she stood before him in this position, he perceived a locket peeping from her girdle. It was the one he had sent to her on the morning of his departure a year before. Taking her hand in his he directed her attention to the bauble.

"That little locket," said he, "holds a high place amongst your jewelry. You wear it often."

"I am sure I have never put it on but once," replied she archly.

"When was that?" asked he.

"Something more than a year since, I believe."

"Yet I saw it in your girdle at Major Carper's, and now I behold it again," said he, evincing some curiosity to have the problem solved.

"Oh, as to that I have never taken it off," said she, drawing it from her zone, and tracing the chain to her bosom.

"You do the giver great honor by thus showing preference to this trinket. Does he really occupy a place in your esteem?" asked he, tenderly.

"Positively, Mr. Altamont, I anticipate a love scene from the sentimental tone affairs are assuming."

"You laugh at me, Miss Falcondale," said Henry, feeling injured at the levity of her remarks.

"No! no! not at all," replied she. "The case is all plain enough. I have perceived the growing interest which you have taken in my unworthy self for some time past, and I hope it will not seem indelicate in me to say that your feelings were fully reciprocated."

Henry wanted to clasp her to his bosom, so filled with delight was he at this intelligence—but she kept him at arms length, so that he was obliged to content himself by covering her hand with kisses. She continued,

"So you were about to follow the old school of romancing, and ascertain beyond a doubt that you occupied a place in the lady's affections, and then you would inform her of the lamentable pass you had come to in return. After that point had been passed, I expect you looked forward to the time when the principal characters of the aforesaid romance would end all romancing in a sober matter of fact marriage. But, unfortunately, for such a consummation I am already—"

"My betrothed," sneered a voice, and immediately Julian Paul's face, inflamed with triumph and hate, was thrust between them. "A remembrance of this charming scene and conversation will spice many a dull evening, and serve us as a subject for small talk after our honey moon has passed, dear cousin," said Paul; then turning to Altamont with a countenance livid with passion, "Yes, dear friend, it is quite unfortunate for you that this lady is hampered with a previous engagement. If she marries not me, she is a beggar. Ah, you would say your fortune is sufficient for both;—but she dare not break a promise solemnly made to her dying father. Yes, made, calling God and heaven to witness. She dare not do it." Then turning to his cousin he advanced to take her rudely by the hand saying, "Come, dear Lydia, the company miss you."

She shrunk from his touch as if he had been a poisonous reptile. Before he could repeat the attempt, Altamont felled him to the earth with one blow.

* * * * * * * *

The next morning four gentlemen met in the cold gray twilight in an open glade in the forest. Two of them dressed in simple black seemed to wait with impatience the movements of the others. Twenty paces were marked out with the strictest precision, and two pistols loaded with the minutest care placed in the hands of the gentlemen in black, each of whom moved to his respective place with solemn silence, and wheeling, presented to the other a calm, unflinching front, with the deepest animosity depicted on their pale countenances. One of the seconds said,

"Gentlemen, are you ready? One! two! three!"

Simultaneously the two pistols exploded. It was a deadly aim. One of the gentlemen, throwing up his arms, fell to the ground with a groan, saying, "Ah! Altamont, you have killed me." While the other, pressing his hand to his side, tried to staunch the blood welling from a frightful wound. The surgeons in attendance gave their immediate assistance, but Julian Paul was already insensible. Altamont had received his adversary's shot in the muscles of the back, injuring no vital part, so that his wound proved but a mere scratch in comparison to the mortal damage done to Julian Paul. Each, taking a carriage, was conveyed home—Henry to the Homestead, and Paul's body to Falcondale Hall. Henry ate his breakfast in silence, amid many sad and bitter reflections. Now that he had worked his old schoolmate's death, all hatred had vanished. His feelings of animosity were replaced by those of remorse. A life of useless sorrow opened before him, as a fitting reward for the bloody deed he had participated in that morning. As an additional punishment, he would be obliged to flee the hand of justice, and become an outlaw. Buried in these sad thoughts, he sat in his library for several hours, heeding not the flight of time. A servant broke rudely in upon his revery, bringing him a tiny note. It was from Lydia Falcondale, and ran thus:—

MR. ALTAMONT:—The unfortunate occurrences of the last few hours are of such a serious character, as to imperatively preclude the possibility of our ever meeting again. Julian Paul was my relative and betrothed, and so the world knew him. The same world looks upon you as his murderer, and would be shocked if I should grasp, in friendship, the hand that slew him. I can merely say farewell. You have my fullest forgiveness for your share of the affair. Yes, more. I feel myself obliged to ask your pardon for being the direct occasion of this misfortune. Julian's relatives have determined to bring you to justice, and are already making preparations for your arrest. It will be their vendetta, and the feud will be waged with inveterate vindictiveness. My last request to you is, to escape their clannish vengeance, return again to your forest house. Let not a moment be lost, but escape. If there is any truth in the professions of affection you made for me, grant me this one request.

Yours in friendship,

LYDIA.

Making a few hasty arrangements, he secured a large sum of money about his person, and in two hours he had left his home behind him, and was galloping to the nearest town upon the Ohio.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN CONCLUSION.

Our scene opens once more on the banks of the broad Wisconsin. Again a steamboat struggles against the strong current in ascending the stream. The negro Tom stood at the water's edge, casting anxious looks over the crowd gathered on the guards of the saloon deck, endeavoring to find the countenance of his master. A hat is waved by a man standing near the pilot-house; it is the returning Altamont. Tom sees him, and raises a glad hurrah, tossing his hat in the air, and capering with glee. The boat swings majestically around, and nears the shore, and in a moment the affectionate servant leaps upon the platform. Rushing up the steps, he clasps his master's hand, and cries for joy.

The deck hands immediately commenced unloading and loading a number of boxes, bales, and barrels belonging to Altamont, together with a couple of horses, and a number of fine dogs of a rare breed. These all being safely stowed upon shore, the captain and passengers bade Henry a cordial adieu, and resumed their voyage towards the head waters of the river. It was a happy Christmas that day for Tom, and a merry one, too; for he feasted his master with the best of his larder, till deep in the night. They drank and hobnobbed with each other, and related their various adventures, with a familiarity much more like that of two friends than of master and servant, until the small hours warned them of the approach of morning.

The next day Henry resumed his hunting suit, and rode over to the Happy Valley to see if its Rasselas had yet returned. Sam and Juno ran to greet him, with many expressions of joy at seeing their master's friend. But our hero was doomed to disappointment in not finding the mysterious Anthony in his castle. Not a word of intelligence had been received from him since he went aboard of the Pioneer, on his journey home with Altamont, some weeks before. Sam was sure they would see him before Spring. "He'll come some day when we don't spect him," sagely prophesied that sable individual; and so it turned out. Henry was dispirited, and much cast down by the reflection and remembrance of the duel and its fatal consequences. Remorse and despair seemed gnawing his vitals, and consuming his very life. The hopelessness of his love for Lydia Falcondale, and the consciousness that, though his passion was returned by her, it was still hopeless, added much to his dejection. The only one who might have administered consolation to his aching heart was absent, and he himself was an outlaw; a fugitive from justice. So, with all these disheartening influences, the once gay cavalier became thoroughly miserable. This grew daily upon him. At first, he again beheld that wild scene with pleasure, and returned to his forest home in the apparent possession of his natural spirits, anticipating a life of peaceful days in the companionship of his mysterious friend. But he came to be disappointed; where he had expected a sympathizing listener, he found himself a prey to his own regrets and corroding thoughts. The wilderness that before appeared to him with a thousand attractions, was now but a dreary desert. With troubled brow, and drooping gait, he moped his horse over the hills, at a mechanical, dragging pace, indifferent to the noblest game, and the most alluring shots. Mid-winter came; the snow lay deep on the prairies; yet daily Altamont traced a path through the drifts to the lodge of Anthony. It was one of the stormiest days in February; the wind came tearing down through the gorges, and howled amongst the trees in angry vehemence, yet Henry, pale and haggard, faced the cutting blast. Though the reins hung loose upon the horse's neck, and the rider folded his arms, seeming wrapt in his own moody thoughts, the animal toiled along the well known route towards the neighboring habitation. He took a path winding through gorges, between great trees, over hills and across prairies, until at last he stopped at the lodge door. Henry was here aroused from his revery by the appearance of strange horses and dogs. A new servant seemed also to have domesticated himself there, and obsequiously inquired, "If he should take care of Massa's horse?" In a moment the suspicion flashed through his mind, that Prince Incognito and suite had returned; and in another moment he had burst the door open, and caught the astonished Juno in his arms, and imprinted half a dozen kisses on her sable lips, with all the rapture of a lover, before he saw his mistake. A peal of joyous laughter issuing from the adjoining room, brought him to his senses, and led him to the object of his search. Although the first outpourings of his boisterous joy had been expended upon the unappreciating Juno, Henry had yet in reserve more heartfelt and milder expressions of glad welcome and warm affection for the real object of this demonstration, who, with brimming eyes and quivering lip, returned his eager greeting with fond excitement. The pleasures of that delightful moment of meeting had evidently been the sweetest morsel of expectation to both for weeks, and now that the moment had arrived, they yielded themselves to the supreme happiness of again enjoying each other's presence. Altamont forgot his dejection and gloomy self-accusations, his despair and remorse all fled upon the moment of beholding once more the beaming countenance of his darling Incog. Again he became the overflowing, hilarious youth he was before he left those woody solitudes. The short winter's day quickly wore away in mutual confidences, and, as the night deepened, Altamont related all his experiences for the last few weeks. His increased aversion to Amazonia, his love for Lydia Falcondale, and its hopeless ness; his unhappy difficulty with his former friend and schoolfellow, Julian Paul, its fatal termination, and lastly, his misery in his forced exile, while wandering there alone; while the peroration consisted, of course, in a new expression of joy for being delivered from the necessity of committing suicide, to get rid of the company of his own wretched thoughts, by the reappearance of his best friend, the king of all good fellows, who might be Anthony Incog. for ever, if he liked, so long as they were not to be parted again.

At this juncture in the narration Henry's friend astonished him by stating that he was acquainted with many of the circumstances of the story, and had even seen him and been in his company on several occasions in another disguise; and further, he had the joy of telling him that Julian Paul still lived, and was, on his departure from that region, in the possession of his usual health, being not a whit the worse for a little blood-letting and a great deal of shamming.

Altamont had now no cause for unhappiness but the hopeless state of his affections. If Paul had died by his hand, Lydia would have been in duty bound to have forgotten the murderer of her betrothed and foster brother, or to have remembered him only with feelings of aversion. And now that Paul lived, was not the case equally without hope? Was she not bound by every tie and obligation but love to wed him? Truly she was, and Henry already thought of her as the wife of his enemy, enduring a life of cold and cheerless companionship with a man who knew she loved another.

Anthony revived the sports of the chase as the best means of diverting his friend's thoughts from unhappy remembrances; and again they might be seen galloping in the mad pursuit of some wounded deer, scouring across the snowy field, leaping yawning chasms, sliding down steep banks as of old—working themselves to an insanity of excitement, until the ruddy glow again returned to the pale cheek of our hero.

The month of March had arrived, and with it a few balmy days, sent as scouts to prepare the way for returning spring. The bleak summits of the bluffs were soon bereft of their snowy caps, and the notches between the hills were filled with swelling torrents; the ice upon the river, though some two feet in thickness, and scarcely affected as yet by the mild sun, was softened upon the surface, and rapidly becoming spongy.

Henry and his vivacious friend marshaled their entire forces on a bright, frosty morning for a grand wolf hunt. Altamont's servant Tom and the two men, Sam and the later comer, belonging to Anthony, with their masters, composed quite an imposing cavalcade, all mounted on impatient horses, and ready for any adventure that might turn up, without regard to its perilous nature. A large pack of thorough-bred hounds, held in leash by the various sportsmen, chafing under the restraint of the thongs, yelped and bounded in eagerness to be away. The special object of their hunt was a monstrous gray wolf, who had prowled about their dwellings all the past winter, snatching away choice bits of venison when exposed to his voracity, and easily known by having lost an ear in some of his domestic broils, as well as by his extraordinary size.

Wolfish tracks were plainly printed in the new fallen snow, as if the monster had spent the whole preceding night in an inspection of the premises, and started off with the approach of dawn down the savannah towards the mouth of the river. At distances of about a mile or more apart, valleys or gorges opened upon the plain skirting the river, affording easy access through the steep sides of the bluffs to the rolling prairies above. Hoping to discover the object of their search in some covert on the river bank, and to keep him from escaping to the rocky fastnesses of these dells, each one posted himself as a sentinel, with two or three dogs, at these clefts in the hills, respectively, as they reached them. The first opening was guarded by Anthony's new servant; the next, a mile farther on, by Tom, and so on, until the last one, some six miles away, was entered by Altamont. Advancing cautiously, he found just at the entrance the wolf had taken covert in a thicket of wild briers. Placing himself in a position to cut off his retreat toward the interior, he slipped the leash from the hounds—three powerful German brutes, of immense strength and power of endurance—who immediately rushed to the thicket, in order to dislodge their victim. With an angry snarl he gave one leap, and breaking cover, sped up the river with prodigious bounds. Henry, wild with excitement, charged after the retreating beast, making the rocks and woods ring with a loud "Tally-ho!" more to advise the others of their approach than from any appropriateness of the cry, for, as every one knows, it is only used in fox hunting. His wolfship made directly for the gulf where Anthony, with two trusty hounds, was intrenched, holding the distance good between him and his pursuers with ease. As he came within a few rods of this new ambush, the impatient Anthony burst upon his astonished view, cutting off his retreat in that direction again. Casting one hasty glance behind him upon his pursuers there, this gray headed old villain had no other alternative than to resume the smooth savannah, and try his speed for another mile, to the next chasm in the hills, hoping there to escape their annoying attention. Anthony, with his fresh horse and feather weight, pressed hotly on in the chase, gaining at every bound upon Master Lupus, so that persecuted individual was obliged to exert every nerve to save his bacon. Five mouthing demons of hounds, with their red tongues lolling and eyes glaring, held steadily on, with a persevering determination to outwind and outrun their forest brother, that they might bring about his destruction. He, the gap between the two gorges is traversed, and the wolf, about to take refuge in the yawning mouth of the third, is again received by a brace of hounds and a charge from a mounted hunter. The man Sam, already well versed in woodcraft, worked the chase with sportsmanlike manner, and having an opportunity of using his gun, he improved it by taking away the animal's other ear, who, receiving no other injury, and being limited as to time, turned his course towards the river, which he reached ere a minute elapsed, and dashing down the low bank, soon increased his speed to an alarming rate, as he found excellent footing upon the smooth, snowy surface of the ice. As quick as thought Henry was down the bank after him, but his shoeless horse slipped so badly on the frozen stream as to make it necessary to betake himself and steed again to the shore. This he did with sorrow, as he thought the game, so nearly captured, would now escape them; but Anthony, foreseeing such an issue to the affair, had sharply shod his speediest [illegible] an admirable course on which to compare the muscle of his horse with that of the wolf. Vigorously [illegible] his spurs, the young huntsman urged his steed to a perfect whirlwind of velocity, which promised soon to terminate the race in the capture of the animal. The sturdy fugitive held his course directly up the river, as if to distance his pursuers by superior speed or endurance; but as he drew near to Tom's post of guard, that sable hunter, grinning with delight, joined the chase with a fresh horse and two more eager dogs. Nine baying hounds now howled upon the track, and four huntsmen clattered over the frozen ground in the wild ride. As Tom burst with a loud halloo from the hillside, and faced the panting brute, he turned his course at a right angle with his former line of escape, directly for the opposite shore. This was an event they had not counted upon, and therefore had not prepared for any such emergency. Anthony, fearing their sport would be ended in the loss of their game, plied the spur unsparingly, endeavoring to head the animal, and force him to keep the ice. In a few moments he had so far gained upon him as to ride by his side nearly abreast. Drawing a pistol from his holster, he discharged it full at the wolf's heart. The shot was fatal; the animal giving one more tremendous leap, and then tumbling dead upon the ice. The same shot proved almost as fatal to the reckless hunter, for, being so entirely engrossed in the object of the chase, he did not notice a wide gap that had formed between the bank and edge of the ice on the opposite shore which he was approaching at such mad speed. Scarcely had he discharged his weapon at the wolf, when he found himself immersed in a gelid torrent amid fragments of ice, continually being broken off by the struggling horse. Altamont and the servants were yet upon the bank, and beheld this accident with dismay. Henry, hastening to the rescue, spurred his horse down the bank, and directed his scrambling steps towards the scene of the catastrophe. The river at that point was more than half a mile in width, and long before Altamont arrived at the spot, the frigid waters had chilled the noble horse, and sucked his body down under the ice, and even the unfortunate rider had been rendered powerless by the cold, and sunk out of sight. Henry was terror-stricken at this calamity, and almost wild with grief. Seeing the end of a scarf floating on the water, which he knew Anthony wore about his neck, he hesitated not a moment to plunge into the treacherous current and seize his drowning friend.

Altamont had perfected himself in the art of swimming since his drowning affair with Amazonia, and now he easily held the head of the insensible youth above the water with one hand, while with the other he struck out stoutly for the shore, which was but a few rods distant. Safely landing, he took the body in his arms, and going around the chasm, remounted his horse, and galloped away towards his lodge, with the lifeless form of Anthony leaning over his shoulder, dripping with the freezing element. Sam posted off at full speed for his master's lodge after his wife Juno, as he knew if life was still left, that her services would be needed.

Henry delivered his precious burden in a very few minutes at his own door; casting the horse loose, he carefully carried the body within, and laid it upon his own bed of furs. Ordering Tom to kindle a huge fire, and warm water and blankets, he changed his own wet habiliments for dry ones as expeditiously as possible, and resumed his efforts to resuscitate the insensible Anthony. It however seemed useless—the pulse was silent, and the breath was entirely suspended. Hope gradually sunk in the survivor's breast, and he experienced an agony of sorrow at the thought that the spirit of his amiable friend had flown forever. Wearied at last with his useless efforts, he knelt in unutterable desolation by the bedside, and burying his face in the bosom of his friend, he wept. It was then he realized how great an affection he had conceived for him, and how great a loss he had suffered. He even wished the water that had chilled and destroyed the beautiful youth had also engulfed him, and thus ended his sorrows on earth. He dropped hot tears of sorrow upon the marble cheeks, and pressed the pale lips, inconsolable at the prospect of such a misfortune. A faint quivering sigh came fluttering forth from the bosom, and Henry was in an ecstasy of hope, redoubling every effort, and employing every means in his knowledge to recall the wavering spirit. The eyes opened for a moment, and then closed again in unconsciousness. Altamont tore around like one demented, prepared hot drinks, blankets and clothing, laughing hysterically as he thought of outwitting the enemy of mankind and cheating him of his prey. Removing the saturated coat and vest, and taking off the heavy riding-boots, filled with water, he proceeded to open the linen bosom front of the shirt, and was struck dumb at beholding a bust as fair and full as a Hebe's. Amazed beyond expression, he merely exclaimed, in his unutterable surprise—

"A woman!"

The brown moustache and dark stain of the skin had been washed away in the stream, and the features now looked faultless in outline, and as white as Parian marble. Petrified with astonishment, he gazed transfixed at the countenance lying before him; gradually he recognized a resemblance, and at once the truth burst upon him.

"Amazonia; 'Tis true! 'tis Amazonia!" cried he, in increased wonder, bending close to her face.

Removing the cap from her head, the hair became unconfined, and fell in clustering ringlets upon his shoulders. Around her neck was a small gold chain, to the end of which was attached a locket. Another stunning discovery awaited him. Opening the locket, he beheld his own portrait, with a little note within, written in his own hand, saying—

"To Lydia Falconcale, from H. A."

Almost overcome by this new disclosure, he studied and re-read the outlines and features of the countenance again.

"Good God, when will wonders cease?" said he. "Is it possible that I behold Lydia Falcondale?"

At this moment she returned fully to consciousness, and seeing that her secret was discovered, blushed, as she hid her face in his bosom, and whispered—

"Pardon! pardon, dear Henry! forgive the wayward girl and loving woman."

Altamont's heart leaped with joy, as he heard her dear voice once more. Clasping her to his heart, he imagined heaven opening to him, with all its celestial delights.

Juno here arrived with a full assortment of lady's attire, and in an hour he had the pleasure of beholding her again in her proper dress.

I will waive a long explanation, and leave it to the fancy of the reader to unravel the foregoing events, with the assistance of but a word or two from me.

Lydia Falcondale had lost her mother when but an infant, and knew no guide or guardian afterwards but her father, her teachers or cousin. Her father was a rough, fox-hunting, old Virginian—despising the softer amenities of polished life, and effecting only the honest, hearty country squire. Her teachers were either ingenid, characterless go[illegible] of those [illegible] in semination; playmate and constant companion had been her cousin, Julian Paul, who never had been called a gentle boy, but one who was proud to excel in manly sports.

With such associations, it is scarcely strange that the buoyant, high-spirited girl should imbibe a taste for masculine pursuits. At the same time that she perfected herself in every womanly accomplishment, and developed all that is lovely in a woman, she fostered another self, and a love for other pleasures, in almost direct opposition.

On her first meeting with Altament, her quick perceptions detected the aversion with which he regarded the amusement which she was engaged in; considered by him vulgar and unrefined. Accident afterwards gave her the name of Amazonia, and in that character she played him many pranks, in a mere spirit of mischief and roguery. These were carried to such an extreme in the duel at the Major's masquerade, as to drive the sensitive Altamont into exile. It was then she ascertained the true state of her own heart, and that of Altamont's. Acting with perfect freedom, and hampered by nothing but the hateful promise to marry her cousin, she conceived and carried out the Quixotic idea of joining Altamont in the wilderness *incognito*, which, as is seen, ended in her being recognized.

The spring opened at last; the warm sun and rain dispelling the ice in the river, they daily awaited the appearance of the steamboat that sailed up the river the preceding autumn, and should now be returning. It came puffing down the stream finally, loaded with emigrants, looking for new homes on some of the rich prairies lying along the shore. To these people Altamont disposed of all his possessions, as they landed here enchanted with the loveliness of the spot. Within a week Altamont trod the green sward at the homestead, and Lydia Falcondale gladdened with her bright presence Falcondale Hall.

Paul Julian had lost his heart to the daughter of a wealthy planter, no less than Major Carper, and during their short absence had released Lydia from her betrothal by wedding the gentle Carry Carper—and now bids fair to become a reformed rake, which class of people, it is said, somewhat doubtfully, make the best of husbands.

As the majority of people would scarcely be satisfied if a story closed otherwise than by a marriage of the principal characters, I have not the courage or cruelty of heart to disappoint them in this case. My friendly and sagacious readers no doubt immediately decided, upon the introduction of Henry Altamont and Amazonia, that they were destined to be united in wedlock in the denouement; but I will hardly give any one credit for anticipating the idea of Henry marrying, besides Amazonia, Lydia Falcondale and Anthony, Prince Incog, a perfect trinity, for no such idea occurred to me, even, until the tale was nearly half completed.—But it is imperatively necessary to record incidents as they really transpire, and it thus happens that I have the happy task of recording that delectable event.

While travelling last year I met Major Carper, who, by the way, is no myth. He remarked that the affair went off quietly, and to the complete satisfaction of all parties, though the occasion seemed more particularly blissful to the happy couple than to any one else. May their honey moon know no setting!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are one year, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. Five, in advance one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CORRESPONDENTS.

A SYRACUSAN again asks some one of our farmer friends to say which is the best way of cultivating the Osage Orange for farm fencing, and to speak of its utility; also to declare whether it will grow well on low, moist ground, and if the mice are apt to injure it. Now, then, won't somebody be kind enough to tell what he knows on the subject?

UBIQUE, E. B. Respectfully declined.

ANTIGUA. Respectfully declined.

PROGRESS.

Every thoughtful and well-read man knows better than to fleer at the nations of antiquity as having been very much lower in the scale of knowledge than we are. Yet the popular idea—expressed in these blatant voices continually ringing around us, which shout "Progress" "The March of Improvement," "This Gigantic Age," and numerous other boastful catch-words—assumes that the great-grandfathers of the race were, comparatively speaking, ignoramuses. It is a great mistake. Instead of taking it for granted that we know more than they knew, it better becomes us to inquire whether they were not masters of more than we have yet dreamed of possessing. In view of what every scholar knows the ancients knew, it is really a serious question whether the world has progressed at all. No doubt, the movement of each civilization is one of gradual improvement or development, from its own individual beginning up to a certain point. But the common idea seems to be that each successive civilization begins at the point of improvement where the preceding civilization left off, and attains a still higher development; or else, that each civilization begins in the barbarism in which the previous civilization began, marches on steadily to that civilization's highest summit of greatness, and achieves a still higher and brighter peak beyond. Either of these theories appears to us, at the very least, questionable. To us it seems that there has been no connected continuity of improvement. The progress of each nation is conditional, and depends on its obedience to the moral laws which rule the world. By obeying these laws, nations have, in no regular order, surpassed their predecessors, or disobeying them, have fallen short of their predecessors. The march of human improvement has not been steadily onward, but irregular, forward in one era, backward in another.

That Europe and America are, or are to be, as great as Greece, Rome, Assyria, India, or Judea, is probable; that they are greater, is a question; that they are to be greater, is left to Time to determine. Ours is a modest doctrine—too modest, perhaps, to be popularly acceptable. To a Yankee it is pleasanter to think that we are a little ahead of all creation—that "little" meaning a great deal. We think, however, that we are right, and we are more satisfied in our conviction than if it were based upon the opposite theory, inasmuch as it gives us another reason for preaching and practising that flouted virtue—Humility.

The evidences always adduced to prove the superiority of this [illegible] ages, are, first, [illegible] inventions; [illegible] dition. The first, it is claimed, are the peculiar discovery of this age, and unknown to the ancients; the second is also new and unprecedented in history.

Let us briefly examine these assumptions. In the first place, if we succeed in showing reason to surmise that all we know the ancients knew before us, and that all we have they also had, some clever man may say—"Very well; I grant your ground; but for what we have we are not at all indebted to the Past; we have not exhumed our inventions from the tombs of dead nations, but our own unaided sagacity and mother-wit have originated them." To this we reply:—That only proves this age as intellectually great as the ages departed, but not greater. But the fact is that we are very much indebted in these respects to the Past—not, to be sure, in all cases; yet many an inventor has profited by the hints and gleams of which antiquity is prolific. Let it be remembered that it was not the collective mind of Europe and America that invented the steamboat, spinning-loom, railroad, and the rest, but the individual mind of Fulton, Arkwright, Ferguson, Watt, and others. These scientific scholars were like the fox that covered the track to his lair—you saw the way by which he came out, but not that by which he went in. They got many a hint from old books, which they were at no trouble to disclose. Thus the invention of the steam engine dates from its inventor back to the experiments made by the Marquis of Worcester, in the sixteenth century, and back from thence to what it is said Diodorus Siculus, writing nearly two thousand years ago, reports of Syracusan inventions in the fifth century before Christ. But what are we to think of the intellects of those remote epochs, which, without antecedent suggestions to profit by, but from sheer native mother-wit alone, produced such implements and engines as we are compelled to believe the ancient civilizations possessed? Truly, compared with them, we seem to be, as a graphic phrase has it, "not tall because we are giants, but because we are dwarfs standing on giants' shoulders!"

Let us see what the ancients had and knew. We have not space for a complete detail, nor is it necessary that we should cite authorities. In fact, what we say is well known already; our office is merely to remind the public of the fact that it is well known—this public being a forgetful sort of a body!

Begin with the commonest implements, utensils or objects around us. Clocks came from the East to Europe a thousand years ago. The records of Charlemagne's reign, tell of a wonderful specimen of clock work presented to the French monarch by the then reigning Saracen king. Clepsydras (water-clocks) and sun dials were also Oriental inventions. Our finest linens and cottons put under a microscope look like rough-hewn boards; those taken from the bodies of Egyptians, or woven in India four thousand years ago, when examined by the glass are smooth and perfect as when seen by the naked eye—implying a perfection of handiwork or machinery of which we know nothing. Indian and Chinese silks are proverbially superior. Our finest steel is as wax compared with that of old Damascus, or with the tempered bronze of the Egyptians, which cut inch-deep figures on porphyry, a material on which the edges of our best instruments turn like paper. Sugar was made in India thousands of years ago; tea is Chinese; coffee, Arabian; leavened bread dates from old Hindostan. The finest porcelain, made into cup and saucer, is Chinese; the lacquered ware we get from Japan; Persia gave us the cherry, peach and plum, and made them into preserves from time immemorial; alcohol is Arabian. So on through the entire catalogue of lowly use as far as we can see. And let it be recollected that the possession of these things by the old nations, implies the possession of many more to which these are corollary. When we find men with wit enough to make hot coffee, we need not trouble ourselves for evidence that they had wit enough not to scald their fingers with stirring it, but agree that they had spoons for that purpose!

In the matter of amusements, we are inferior. The Greek and Roman theatres were superior in that their aim was the inculcation of the religious and manly sentiments, and the moral education of the people. Eschylus and Euripides, Plautus and Aristophanes, were no mere pensters. Architecturally considered, the theatres of our day are bungled farces in comparison. The ancients' auditorium was constructed on scientific principles, with intelligent reference to acoustical, visual, and ventilatorial laws. Their stage-machinery was skilful. Where can we see men fluttering down in baskets from the mimic clouds, as in the comedy of Aristophanes? Our contrivance would descend clumsily, and show the cords. Our races and athletic amusements are trivial to those of the Olympic and other exhibitions. We have no game so complex and beautiful as chess, which comes from India. Cards are said to be Oriental, (Q. E. D.) Fireworks, transparencies, and devices for illumination are Indian and Chinese, and ours are nothing in comparison with theirs. The gunpowder and other detonating powders are from China. The jugglery of Blitz and Anderson is paltry by the side of the Hindu and Chinese sleight of hand.

In Art we yet go to school of the Greeks. Their sculptures are unapproachable. No art legends rival what we are told of the paintings of Apelles and Zeuxis. Our best colors fade in a few years, and are extinct in a few centuries. The colors of the Egyptians are as fresh and vivid to-day, as four thousand years ago. We have nothing in Architecture to vie with the Parthenon, the Coliseum, the fallen fanes of Karnac, Palmyra, Nineveh, either for beauty, or boldness of design and magnitude of execution. The Roman aqueducts are still the world's wonder.

In Literature we have not advanced. Herodotus, Plutarch, Livy, Tacitus, who among our modern historians excels them? Our Poetry is outdone by the Psalms of David, the Hebrew pastoral of Ruth, the grandeur of the Arabian Job, the shadows and the splendors of Isaiah and Ezekiel. No doubt we take precedence of the Roman bards, but even Shakspeare is equalled by the Titanic, world-embracing, Fate enfolding conceptions of the Greek poets, while his wit and wisdom are no more keen and sound than can be found in the Greek and Roman comedies. Of course theirs is not now fully appreciable, any more than Shakspeare's will be, ages hence in Utopia. We find in those old comedies the very jokes and Joe Millerisms which are current with us. Our philosophy has not the profundity and intellectual grasp of the Hindus. Their gigantic metaphysics and psychologies comprehend the Universe. In Astronomy we are less than the Chaldee, the Persian, the Egyptian. The English University of Oxford found the stars all ready catalogued to hand by Ulug Beg, the grandson of Tamerlane, reigning in the 16th century. While Europe was in the darkest superstition and ignorance, the same King was accurately settling the latitude of Samarcand, his capital. The Copernican theory of the planetary system, now accepted, Godwin says was taught by Pythagoras, in Greece, thousands of years ago. What Galileo died for asserting, was an established truth at that epoch with the Mahommedans. Algebra and Arithmetic (and Chemistry also,) were introduced into Europe in the 12th century by Albertus Magnus from the Arabians, who also devised the numeral figures and their present arrangement. Geometry is still taught in our schools as taught by Greek Euclid twenty centuries ago. The very letters of our alphabet are Roman.

Do we turn to Law? We meet the austere and awful brows of Moses, Zoroaster, Solon, Justinian, whose hands are on our Saxon Courts, and whose statutes are still strong over myriads of men. Charlemagne, Alfred, or any of the law-givers of Europe, are short- [illegible] tal, Greek, and Roman minds. Statesmanship, intellectual [illegible] ship, executive ability in governing, [illegible] where do we find higher examples of these than in Saladin, Haroun Alraschid, Genghis Khan, and Tamerlane? These men held victorious sway over half of Asia, and by the right of eminent ability. Barbarians?—tyrants?—Compare them with the crowned donkies, addlepates or bullies of France, England, Germany, or any kingdom of Europe at that period! It is fair to judge men by the results they accomplish. Confucius has ruled three hundred millions of men for two thousand years; the same number still follow the teachings of Mahomet. Here we are, with all our boasted superiority of statesmanship, puttering in the effort to pass a Maine Law against the use of alcoholic stimulants. A thousand years ago, Mahomet knew his time well enough to pass a very stringent Maine Law; and to this day all Asia and part of Africa, obey it! While the monarchs of Europe were nearly all brutal, silly, inefficient fools, Asia was ruled by statesmen, scholars, and respectable and decent men.

We are compelled by lack of room to pass over many departments of ancient knowledge. Let us, however, say a word about Mechanics. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that the ancients had telescopes, astrolabes, quadrants, burning and magnifying glasses, the lever, the screw, and the implements of Science, Art, War, Agriculture, Manufactures, etc., in great number and perfection. Without them they could not have accomplished their known results; and one tenth part of what they had or accomplished is not known to us. Time makes sad havoc of the monuments of man's skill. But now;—there is the little city of Karnac in Egypt—there are two Karnacs—the great and the little;—in little Karnac you could put Philadelphia and New York and have room to spare! The walls and structures are colossal, and we argue safely that their builders had both mechanical skill and sufficient enginery to build them. There is Pompey's pillar, fallen in the desert. The French and English engineers with all their best appliances, labored seven days to move the enormous shaft; they moved it about an inch! Yet that shaft had been quarried from the rock at a distance of seven hundred miles, conveyed from thence, and *erected* in the desert! It was hewn from the quarry of porphyry; it is sculptured all over with deep hieroglyphics; and yet, as we have said, our best instruments can hardly make a scratch on porphyry, and having made it, are blunted and useless! Our best hydraulic works are said by competent judges to be inferior to the Chinese canals; our best fortifications are pigmy to the Chinese wall. We have no Artesian wells so deep as the Chinese. In China the traveller meets with borings three thousand feet deep, made to get coal gas from the interior of the earth. Printing, of a certain clumsy fashion, the Chinese have had for centuries: it is highly probable other nations had it too in greater perfection, though as the philosophy of those ages was hostile to the diffusion of knowledge, it was probably the secret of the aristocracy or the priests. The relics of railroads are still seen in India, but of a gigantic size, capable of bearing an entire temple. How do we know they had not steam, or some propulsive force equal thereto? It is hardly safe to assume of such people that they had not everything they needed, if within the scope of human wit. Herodotus mentions having seen at Delhi, an enormous globe of vivid light surmounting a tall column, which lit the entire city. That beats our gas lamps all to nothing! We have lately seen statements purporting to come from (we think,) Col. Maitland of the East India Company), narrating as a fact that the natives in that country have some mysterious method of communication by which they are enabled to transmit news from one part of the country to another, faster than a courier can convey it at his utmost speed. If this is true, (and really one is prepared to believe anything of the Hindus!) there is an odor about it very like the magnetic telegraph.

Truly, Solomon appears to have been right in affirming that there is nothing new under the sun. The old sun, after all, may be shining upon old, familiar things.

Does he shine upon a world whose spiritual condition is better and more hopeful to sad human eyes than of yore? Are we more chaste and temperate than the Spartans—more honest than the ancient Irish—more honorable than the Sabines—more dignified than the Etrurians—more holy and noble than the Christian martyrs? Alas, no! We have Christianity—the gentlest, wisest, most gracious religion ever born to bless the world. It is not the practical life of the masses. It lives only in the hearts of a minority. The private and public lives of most men practically insult and deny it. Its two chief distinctive features—the universal love of humankind, and the spirit that will not compromise with sin—they are not seen in the life of any Christian nation of this era. History, painting us a thousand years hence, will use no brighter colors than she uses to paint the nations of the Past.

Is there any Progress—are we higher than the Greek, the Roman, the Hindu, now departed? We have Democracy—the people rules at last. That is something; yet it is still an experiment, and it will avail us little if we cannot show the world that the people can rule better than the kings. After all, those Asiatic despotisms (India perhaps excepted) were democratic in essence. They were not like the European absolutisms. Virtue and valor won respect; piety was reverenced; men of talent and genius were as free to rise as in America or England. The caliphs frequently sprang from the ranks of the people. Tamerlane himself was a poor shepherd boy. The divine right of kings and the absurdity of hereditary succession, were not in favor. Men wanted for a ruler a man greater than themselves, and when he came he was accepted. The tenure of the right to direct affairs, was the ability to direct them. How is it in this age?

Yes, we have progressed. At least, we have accomplished the relative diffusion of every phase of knowledge, which implies the idea of political equality. It is doubtful—very doubtful—whether we have anything the race of twenty or thirty centuries ago, had not, except this:—that what was formerly for the benefit of only an aristocracy, or in the hands of a priesthood, is now the right and property of the people. We have progressed—an inch! Plenty of men are there in Christendom who are struggling stoutly to make us retrograde—not an inch—but a hundred miles and four centuries backward! We hope they may fail and be forgotten. That remains to be seen.

At all events, it behooves us to be humble, and not to disrespect the mighty Past. There has never been a Time that could not boast as great and bright and pure men as our own. Any human progress worth exultation must be the evidence of men greater, brighter, purer than they were, or a greater number of men equal to them. To have won the dissemination of knowledge is certainly an advance; yet it is inconsiderable unless it preludes the diffusion of the moralities, the philanthropies, the Christian virtues, and the consequent moral elevation of the entire race.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

We hope every one of our readers read the extract recently given in the "Post," under the caption of "The Old Masters," from an article by Charles Dickens, which contained some manly, sensible and intelligent views on Art, with which we are at entire agreement. If any of them have not, we advise them to read it now. It is a subject which belongs to the people, and not to a mere portion thereof, and it is one in which every man of whatever occupation, may reasonably be supposed to have an interest. For every farmer or mechanic or merchant of liberal and wholesome mind, takes pleasure in seeing good pictures, and is capable of appreciating properly their [illegible] merits, though not perhaps their mere technical ones. The best and keenest criticism on paintings we have heard for years, we heard during a visit to Washington last spring, from the lips of a friend, an Iowa farmer, with whom we saw the pictures in the Rotunda of the Capitol. It was not Lanzi or Reynolds come to judgment; it was common sense.

The general subject of Art is pleasantly brought to mind by the recent reception of a circular setting forth the arrangements made for the popular benefit by our Pennsylvania Academy here in Philadelphia. We take great pleasure in noticing what we have fair reason to believe a good and useful institution, which opens its door freely to the Art-student, and does all it can to afford him, gratis, at home, the best advantages he can obtain short of the Roman galleries abroad. Every establishment of this kind, which uses its power to further the formation of national Art here in America, and to instruct and develope native talent, is worthy of all commendation.

The Academy has formed two classes for instruction in drawing, both commencing with the present month, and to continue till the end of March. Each class meets on three evenings of each week, and both are without expense to the student. Tickets of admission to either or both may be had by written application to the Committee on Instruction, left with the Curator at the Academy.

The one class draws from living models, male and female; the other from the antique statuary in the gallery. In addition, there is to be a course of twenty lectures delivered by Professor Thomas, on Artistic Anatomy, which will be of great service to the pupil in aiding him to acquire a thorough knowledge of the human form. The ticket to either of the classes also admits to these lectures.

Students sufficiently advanced can obtain permission to make studies in oil, water colors, or other materials, from the paintings which belong to the Academy, by applying to the Committee. Permission may also be obtained to examine the various valuable works on the architecture, antiquities and customs of all ages, in the Academy Library. A cabinet of costumes, arms, armor, ornamented metals and various articles of similar character, useful to artists in the painting of historical and figure pictures of all kinds, is now forming, and will be made accessible at an early day.

It will be seen by the foregoing programme, that an earnest and generous effort is being made to establish in Philadelphia, what each of our cities we suppose still sorely needs, a first class school of Art—entirely without expense to the student. We wish it all possible success, and trust it will meet with the most decided encouragement. We hardly know how it is now, but years ago, when we were more familiar with artist life than we dare hope we ever shall be again, we knew how much a school and advantages like these were needed both by students and artists, and what difficulties and discouragements the lack of them caused; and we rejoice, therefore, that in one city at least, a strong and hopeful movement is at last commenced, which bids fair to make the profession of the artist less saddening and difficult than of yore. The Academy which launches this enterprise, deserves the most cordial sympathy and practical assistance from our citizens, and from all persons interested in the progress of Art throughout the land, none of whom, we take it, can fail to remember what lustre West, Stuart and Malbone, Healy, Sully and Cole, Powers and Greenough, have given to the fame of America abroad, and all of whom, we trust, will be found ready and willing to do what they can to aid a project, the ultimate results of which may add to the history of American art a fuller garland of names as bright as these.

POLITICS.—The near approach of the elections in this State, Ohio and Indiana, caused the political news up to the time of going to press of this paper, to be exceedingly unreliable. As to the recent partial vote in Connecticut, for instance, both parties claim the victory—while we are uncertain whether the account of a recent election in Northern Michigan is true or false. As to the Florida election, as we write this, still in doubt, we hope to be able to give the result at least in a portion of our edition. A portion of our edition also will probably contain the result in Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania—involving 57 members of Congress, and probably the Presidency.

To show how some of the political papers misrepresent things, we have seen the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen repeatedly mentioned as a supporter both of Fremont and Fillmore—and now find him described in the *Baton Rouge Advocate*, on the authority of the *Plainfield Union*, as a supporter of Mr. Buchanan. Who he is in favor of, we know not—but certainly he is not a supporter of all three candidates.

☞ Some of our papers are crowing a little over the fact that the ship Cathedral was brought up to our wharves, drawing twenty-five feet four inches of water, after an unsuccessful attempt to take her into New York harbor. They also say that the ship Ocean Monarch, at New York, was obliged to stop taking in lading after her draught had reached twenty-three feet, from fear that she would not be able to get out safely. When they get to building ships a size larger than the present ones, New York will have to deepen her ways.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—Miss E. Calvin has established herself in this city, as a Female Physician. We have very little acquaintance with Miss Calvin, but Miss McDowell, of the "Women's Advocate," speaks of her qualifications in the highest terms. Of the good taste and good morals of having female physicians in certain classes of cases, for females, we have frequently spoken.

New Publications.

MAGDALEN HEPBURN. A Story of the Scottish Reformation. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, author of "Zaidee," "Margaret Maitland," etc.

Magdalen Hepburn far excels any previous work of the author of "Zaidee." At least, so we think. It is a beautiful and powerful tale. The coloring of the scenery is exquisite. The landscapes and interiors are delicate and vivid pictures in words. The characters are painted with the same fine, rich, picturesque power. The scene of the tale is laid in Scotland in the sixteenth century, and Mrs. Oliphant continually shows the most minute and intimate knowledge of the history, manners, social customs, habitudes of local speech, and all the distinctive features of that period. There is not a stain of sentimentalism or Laura Matilda writing anywhere in the book. Everything is vigorous, simple, tender, graphic, or beautiful. Our friends will find it a story worth reading, and we commend it to their leisure hours.

OLIVER CROMWELL; OR, ENGLAND'S GREAT PROTECTOR. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

This historical romance from the pen of Mr. Herbert is written with a certain talent, and is undeniably interesing; but the subject is too great for the author. The view taken of Oliver Cromwell, though appreciative, as it ought to be, is not accurate. The portrait is theatrical and tame. Cromwell did not behave like Forrest in a melo-drama, nor did he die like Kirby, wildly roaring and raving out stage remorse and heroics. The fact that Mr. Herbert represents him in such aspect, deprives the work of the merit of being a fine historical fiction. Other merit it has, and sufficiently great to ensure it interested readers. It has many vivid and graphic pages, and the narrative proceeds with energy from the beginning to the end.

LIFE AND LEARN. A Guide for all who wish to Speak and Write Correctly. Garrett & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

This little manual will be found of great practical use to all persons. It solves many difficulties connected with grammar, composition and punctuation, explains French and Latin phrases in common use, gives instructions for writing for the press, and much other valuable information.

LOITERER LITTLEHOPE, ESQ., A Young Gentleman who wished to see Life, and saw it accordingly. By FRANK E SMEDLEY, Esq., Author of "Frank Fairleigh," "Lewis Arondel," etc. E D Long, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A novel, quite clever and entertaining, written with some talent, but not game enough for criticism.

Mr. W. B. Zieber sends us the North American Quarterly Review for October. The number is more than usually good. Indeed the Review has been steadily improving both in vivacity and liberality since the last change in its editorship. Scholarly, it always was.

The October number has a fine article, entitled "A Chapter on Novels," and an appreciative and in some respects fair paper on Edgar A. Poe. Among its number of other able articles, not the least is that on the "Literature of France under the Empire."

The Medical Examiner for October comes to us from Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston. It seems to us one of those journals no medical man that loves his profession can afford to be without.

THE SKY A CUP.

The sky is a drinking cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of dirty gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup.

—*Stoddard.*

☞ CRUEL INHUMANITY.—A railway clerk asking a sea sick passenger, if he is anxious for a return ticket?—*Punch.*

☞ TENDER FORETHOUGHT.—*Devoted wife*: Oh, what a beautiful monument! Wouldn't you like to have such a one as that, dear?

☞ RATHER GRAPHIC.—A Boston paper, speaking of one of its commercial representatives of the city, says: "He has taken in a ton or two of self-consequence at every port at which he has happened to touch, and started overboard modesty and scruples to make way for its stowage."

☞ The chap who took the thread of life to sew the rent of a house, has gone West, and invented a patent point for cross eyed needles.

☞ Some men live as if they were poor all their lives, to be wealthy when they die.

☞ A person of the name of Fish, having made a short trip in a balloon, on coming again on *terra firma*, was seized with a swoon. A gentleman asking one of the crowd collected around him what was the matter, was answered, "Nothing but a *flat fish* who has been out of his element."

☞ A TRUTH.—The homeliest female in the world may render herself more attractive, by the exhibition of delicacy and refinement, than the prettiest vulgarian that ever smiled.

☞ A crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another, what place he had travelled from? "I came *straight* from London," replied he. "Did you so?" said the other, "then you have been *terribly warped by the way*."

Life in Paris.

URSA MAJOR—A MAGNIFICENT DISH—HYPERBOREAN DINNERS—A UNIVERSAL COMPLAINT—DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND—THE BITER BITTEN—BONNETS EXPANDING.

PARIS, Sep. 18, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The papers are still teeming with details of the Russian Coronation. Among the innumerable splendors produced on the occasion, one of the most magnificent appears to have been the golden dish and salt-cellar on which the priests presented the traditional bread and salt to the Emperor, on his entering the peristyle of the Cathedral of the Assumption. This magnificent object, offered to the Emperor by the nobility of the province of Pultowa, is made of solid gold; and represents an intrinsic value of 25,000 silver roubles. Its workmanship is so exquisite that it would do honor to Froment Meurice, or Benvenuto Cellini. In the centre, on a polished ground, are the arms of Russia, the double-headed eagle, holding the sceptre in one claw, and the globe in the other, executed in matted gold; the sceptre and globe are enriched with diamonds. Round the border runs a garland of vine-leaves, of most exquisite workmanship, and among the windings of this garland are introduced the arms of each District comprised within the Government of Pultowa. Those of the Government itself figure at the base of the garland, and the last leaves encircle the private escutcheon of the Emperor. Round the bottom of the dish are the words, "*Offered to the Emperor Alexander II. by the nobility of the Government of Pultowa,*" done in an infinity of small brilliants. Forty governments—Russia comprises 52—will offer to the Emperor pieces of gold plate fully as magnificent as this, and the merchants' guilds of the principal cities of the Empire will add a hundred pieces of silver gilt, of equally beautiful execution. These offerings being repeated at every successive Coronation, the treasury of the Czars, at each new reign, receives an addition of enormous value, and one no longer marvels at the prodigality of John the Terrible, who expended twenty-two thousand pounds weight of silver, in presents, at the time of his daughter's marriage, and on the same occasion, regaled upon dishes of the same metal, for six weeks, an army of 10,000 men assembled in the Camp of Serpoukhoff. Moreover it has hitherto been the custom for the authorities of Moscow, every time the Czar entered their city, to offer him bread and salt in golden dishes. The present Emperor, since his accession, has declared that, for the future, these useless expenses shall be suppressed; and has ordered that the symbols of hospitality shall hence forth be presented to him upon dishes of porcelain by the cities he may visit.

But one gets no *blase* of all the upholstery, millinery, gilding, and glitter brought into play on occasions of royal and imperial showing off, that one is much more interested in the descriptions given of the great dinners prepared for the people of the lower classes in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Warsaw. At Moscow this repast was served upon 240 tables, just outside the city gates. It consisted of 240 sheep roasted whole, 5,760 gallons of soup, 480 dishes of meat jelly, 7,200 fowls, 1,000 turkies, 1,000 ducks, 24,000 loaves of white bread, 9,600 loaves of brown bread, 9,600 hams, 480 pies, 46,000 apples, 46,000 pears, 46,000 plums, 4,000 buckets of beer, 4,000 buckets of mead, and 2,800 buckets of white and red wine. One of the roasted sheep was placed in the centre of each table, its horns being gilded, and its nose adorned with a coating of silver. The fruit was hung to the branches of trees, and afforded occasion for a world of rough clambering on the part of the populace. The whole of the food is reported to have disappeared in a twinkling.

As for the jollification at Warsaw, given in the Ujazdow Square, the peasants had flocked in from twenty miles round to take part in the good things provided. All the inhabitants of Warsaw had assembled to look on. The Square was brilliantly ornamented, and 200 tables were distributed over its surface. These tables, covered with white cloths, seemed almost bending under the weight of the great piles of meat, the mountains of loaves, and the pitchers of wine, with which they were laden. Barrels of beer flanked the tables at either end. The impatience of the crowd, with their arms outstretched, ready to rush upon the tables the instant the signal for the onset should be given by the firing of the first cannon, was excessively curious; and in less than three minutes after the first peal had boomed from the citadel, every atom had disappeared from the tables, even to the cloths. The roasted calves and sheep, the bullocks' heads, with their gilded horns, the vast dishes of meat, the pitchers of wine and barrels of beer, were all carried off by groups of joyous country-folk, shouting, hurrahing for the Emperor, and eating and drinking as they went. The gilded horns were subsequently stuck up over the doors of the poorer quarters, where they figured with fine effect in the illuminations of the evening; and far into the night people were sitting about on the doorsteps and curbstones, eating and drinking with noisy merriment, or following the triumphal procession of the hogsheads of beer, from which the drinking horns of the crowd were replenished as long as any beer was left to distribute. Tournaments were held in various parts of the city; greased poles, with prizes on the top for those who could manage to reach them, bands of musicians, conjurers, tumblers, &c., were provided in great abundance for the amusement of the crowds. A balloon was let off to show to the country that the city was holding a gala, and the air rung with loyal hurrahs, patriotic songs, and the hum of multitudes of voices.

It is believed that the Emperor has signed the amnesty giving liberty to the 400 noblemen (or rather all of them still surviving) who were sent into the Siberian mines in 1825, to expiate their rising against the Emperor Nicholas. Thirty-seven years of the hardest possible labor, in the gloomy depths of the earth, and amidst all the rigors of Siberia, and the Russian police! How will these *revenants* support the transition from such utter misery to the luxuries and delights of their princely homes and fortunes? One would almost think that such a change would be too much for their worn-out souls and bodies to endure! And the emotion of parents, wives, sisters, brothers, and children, on seeing the proud youths of thirty-seven years ago, all belonging to the very highest families of the Russian peerage, given back to them in the guise of aged, weary, broken-down laborers. That party in your country who are ever so ready to cry down British influence, and to exalt that of Russia, would do well to meditate on this most touching and terrible incident in contemporaneous history, and ask themselves whether the policy that admits of these barbarous measures, and upholds them for the third part of a century, is really "the natural ally" of the children of the "Puritan fathers."

The new Emperor has also issued an edict rendering the Poles eligible to all civil offices throughout the Empire, and to travel freely from province to province through the country, on the same terms as the rest of their fellow-subjects.

So much for Russia. In this pleasant city of Paris, the steady rise in rents and in every necessary of life, is the principal topic of the moment. Within the last two years, not only have over 2,800 houses been pulled down, while only 650 have been built, but an extra population of over 200,000 laborers, attracted hither from every part of France by the railways and building, have come to swell the number of the inhabitants. It is therefore impossible to find lodgings for all who seek them; rents naturally go up, and everything else goes up in proportion. But wages, salaries, and small fixed incomes not being raised, the distress thus created among the poorer classes, is very great, and the fact that they can manage to keep soul and body together, excites the astonishment of all who look beneath the surface. Thousands of poor devils are living on bread and water in the midst of this luxurious city; and many, alas! are dying on the same nourishing viands. Your readers may remember the sketch given in one of my recent letters, of the various *strata* of tenants in the house in which I am writing, and of the poor old cobbler, and others nearly of his class, perched in the out-of-the way niches in the roof of the house. The cobbler fell ill, and went to the hospital, just before the time at which he was to have gone away with his family; and the landlord, who has a larger share of humanity in him than most of his class, has allowed the old wife, the son, the widowed daughter, and the orphan grandson, so surreptitiously introduced, with his board and mallet, by the cunning old cobbler, to remain until now, though unable to pay him a sou of rent for their little five feet hole in the garrets. The journeyman printer who is writing his memoirs, has also fallen ill; for some months he paid his rent, being a handy sort of fellow, by doing various little jobs for the landlord. Since his illness he is, of course, unable to work, and can neither pay his rent, nor purchase food. The landlord, who has given, as the *concierge* admiringly informs the other tenants, "no end of cold victuals" to the cobbler's starving family, has also been giving the poor printer enough to keep him on this side of the grave, but he is not rich, and feels it rather hard to be compelled thus to feed his smaller tenants, besides giving them their lodging gratis. Very few landlords are as charitable; and the many cases of individual hardness related of them, as well as the general rapacity of the class, are creating a violent hatred against them that will probably be an active element of trouble in the next outbreak.

The landlords are not only exorbitant in the rents they ask, but raise all sorts of difficulties with regard to their tenants. Thus many of them refuse to let out any of their rooms to workmen; others utterly refuse to admit any poor family with children. It is certain that a lot of poor children are a great nuisance in a house; but nevertheless, if landlords refuse to let to poor families, what are the latter to do? It is difficult enough for a poor laboring man to have half a dozen hungry little mouths to feed, and as many little troublesome bodies to clothe, house, and take care of, without his being refused admission into the miserable lodgings from which the house-owners draw so large a profit.

A week or two ago, a landlord was very neatly taken in by a tenant of this description, who had solemnly declared, when he engaged the room he wanted, that he had no children. The day after the entrance of the new tenant, the landlord saw a lot of little children coming down stairs, and having learned from the *concierge* that they had issued from the room of the tenant in question, he went up in a rage to the workmen, and reproaching him violently for the deception he had practised, ordered him to pack up and leave the house forthwith. The tenant objected, and reiterated his assertion that he was "a married man without children." The landlord, in a fury, pointed to the children in the room, and asked him how he could dare to utter so palpable a falsehood? "'Tis no falsehood at all," replied the man, "what I have told you is the truth. My wife is a widow, whom I married about two months ago, and all these children are hers. I could not take the mother without taking the children—but I can prove to you, by plenty of witnesses, that I have none of my own, and you cannot compel me to have." The landlord perceived that he was "sold," and walked off with an angry shrug consoling himself with the prospect of getting rid of his unwelcome tenant at the end of the year.

Another of these squabbles between landlord and tenant, and on the same ground, has had a more tragic ending. A workman had just moved into a lodging, the landlord of which, as usual, was very angry when he learned that his new tenant had children. Going up to his room, he ordered the man, who had not taken the precaution, employed by the one just mentioned, of getting a lease, and ordered him instantly to carry off his furniture and decamp. The man refused to do so, saying that as Providence had sent him children, he could do no less than keep them with him. "You shall keep yourself and them elsewhere then," replied the landlord, "and if you don't take yourself and your traps off directly, I will throw your furniture out of the window." The man remonstrated, but in vain; the landlord seized upon a chair, and threw it out of the window. The tenant, greatly exasperated at the threatened ruin of his bits of furniture, again remonstrated; and seeing the landlord about to throw out another chair, he told him, with a solemn asseveration, that "as sure as he threw out another article of his furniture, he would throw him out after it." The landlord at once pitched out the chair; and the tenant, as good as his word, seized him round the middle, and hurled him through the open window. Both his legs were broken in the fall. As soon as he could be carried into a Court of Justice, the convalescent landlord brought a suit against the tenant. But the outrageous conduct of the former, in having resorted to such violent measures to rid himself of a tenant whose only fault was his being burdened with a family, was considered by the jury as being sufficient to justify the action of the latter, and he was accordingly acquitted. These instances suffice to show how serious an element of social strife is accumulating here under the pressure of the present unparalleled prices.

Meantime Paris is literally swarming with English people. In the streets they follow one another in groups, or in single file, apparently in the proportion of one to twenty. In the theatres and other places of public resort, they are often in the majority. But the general remark among them is that living in Paris is now about twice as dear as in London; moreover, the price of French goods having risen, while English goods are both improving in taste and falling in price, these numerous visitors purchase much less than they would have done a few years ago.

The English women are so much taller than their French sisters, that they look like giantesses among them. Many of the former are considerably taller even than the common run of the men of this country. A medical friend of mine considers that his countrymen are deteriorating in size, in stamina, in comeliness, and in intelligence; and is accumulating a mass of statistics to prove that this degeneracy is a consequence of the use of tobacco, and that in Spain, and other countries where this poisonous weed is used, the same results inevitably follow.

Though the petticoat-malady so often alluded to here is still raging in full virulence, an improvement in bonnets is about to take place. These appendages, which have been having so easy a time of it of late, doing nothing but dangle down the necks of their wearers, are about to be hoisted up over the top of the head, which they will completely cover and protect. The new shapes which are just coming out for the winter, are very close and snug; and are said to be very becoming. Drawn silk will be all the rage; but whether flowers or plumes will preponderate in the trimming, is not yet decided.

QUANTUM.

☞ A gentleman proverbial for his gallantry, having occasion to ask a lady to pass him the snuffers, thus addressed her: "Most beautiful, charming, and accomplished lady, by an undeserved condescension of your infinite goodness, extend to your most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, that pair of ignipotent digests, in order that I may exasperate the excrescences of this nocturnal cylindric luminary, and thus cause the refulgent brightness of its resplendent brilliancy to dazzle the vision of our ocular organs more perfectly.

☞ Plunkett one day met a friend in the street, who said to him, "Well, you see, ——'s prediction has come true." "Indeed!" replied Plunkett; "I always knew he was a *bore*, but I didn't know he was an *augur*."

PARISIAN SCENES AND MANNERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

SIGHTS AND SHOWS.

Who could pass with indifference that brave mountebank in Scotch plaid, who may be met every evening on the new Place des Ecoles, a Hercules, whom even his wife silently admires, with folded arms and fixed look? In the morning and until afternoon, the woman practises various petty trades, and sells in the markets; the husband drags through the street an enormous wheelbarrow, crying out: *Potatoes by the bushel, by the bushel!* in a sonorous tone, which imparts a particular attraction to his singular melody. When evening comes, both arrive at their post, the woman spreads on the ground an old carpet, and the crowd, on seeing the *savage*, as he is called in the quarter, assembles around him, as an old acquaintance.

I love this savage. He stretches out his great limbs, carries his head, moves his shoulders and arms so proudly. It was therefore with delight that I saw his gigantic form appear in the distance amid the scattered trees of the Champs Elysees, his head overtopping the circle of spectators, like that of Calypso amid the nymphs, her companions. It is because I have, for several years, encountered him daily; it is because I have observed at my ease this powerful and placid nature, and seen it by degrees emerge from its primitive grossness, to march with giant steps before him.

His exercises consisted at first in lifting, by the aid of a thong, an enormous stone between his teeth, and throwing it several feet behind him, by a single movement of the head. Everything in the representation centred on this trick; it was fine, but insufficient. Since then, he has felt the need of varying and completing his exercises; he has comprehended the necessities imposed upon him by the advanced state of modern civilization. One fine day I saw him add to his apparatus a table on which to execute his feats; the next day the table was surmounted by a chair, from the top of which he stooped forward, picked up the stone with an energetic jaw, and without scowling, graceful as a Roman gladiator, smiling as a dancer who stands tiptoe, slowly lifted it, and rested his burden on the ground, only after having executed this fearful manœuvre five or six times in succession. Then came little glasses and bottles, fragile supports on which he rested the feet of the chairs and tables. I became interested in the study of this laborious genius developing and instructing himself by degrees, preoccupied with the necessity of innovating and conquering with dignity his place in the sunshine; after leaps executed with the stone in his teeth over a stick, he shows by a last feat that it can never be said to a mountebank: Thou shalt go no farther. He extends himself on a sheet, passes his head between his legs, which he folds around his neck, and thus rolled up like a pincushion, causes himself to be tied up in the sheet like a parcel of dirty linen, and in this manner makes the tour of the whole circle, leaping with his hands, and uttering short cries, which singularly delights the spectators.

Is this all? I suspect not: progress pauses sometimes and sleeps for a moment, but it quickly resumes its eternal march.

The savage has already gathered some fruit from so much enterprise. Celebrity has commenced to overtake him, without his having made a single advance to her at which he need blush. Wealth has not yet, it is true, knocked at his door; the fame goddess does not arrive so soon, but that mediocrity which the poet sings.

"I have just been profoundly humbled," said a friend to me a few months since.

"Poor child!" replied I, with emotion; pray how?"

"Imagine that I was about to choose a cigar at ten centimes at a tobacco-merchant's, when I saw the savage enter and take one at fifteen; there was something roguish in the glance he cast upon me as he went out."

I dared not say it to my friend, for fear of adding a new humiliation to this already deep one; but, in reality, of what had he to complain? What had he done that he had not a right to do?

This conscientious mountebank has an original mode of appealing to the purses of the spectators. After having gratified curiosity by a few trifling feats, he encamps with his fists on his hips, in the finest posture of a major-drummer, and says to his wife, who is there to give answers and collect the money,

"Has our little one at home been good to-day?"

"No, he has cried."

"Cried; I must whip him then."

"He will cry louder still."

"It is time; but what did he cry for?"

"Because he was hungry."

"Ah! he was hungry, poor little one! After all, he is not to blame; little people must be hungry, as well as great people. Make haste to go and give him something to eat."

"What? There is nothing in the closet."

"Nothing at all!"

"Nothing at all."

"What *shall* we do then? I say, wife?"

"Suppose we ask this honorable company to assist us a little, that we may give our little one something to eat?"

"That is well."

"Ah! if the company will be good enough to give him, only!" (counting his fingers) "two sous to buy grits, two sous for broth, two sous for milk, one sou for a roll, that he may become great and strong like his father, the company will be very amiable. The company around me is just and reasonable enough to see that if I condescend to perform in the public squares it is because my fortune is not made, and I must needs earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. If I had an income of ten thousand pounds, I would stay at home, instead of breaking my body to perform feats of strength in the street. Come, gentlemen, a little courage, do not forget me: here is my little office."

As soon as the discourse takes this turn, half of the circle steal away. The savage continues for ten minutes in the same tone, after which, a sou usually rolls on the pavement.

"I want now only six," exclaims he. "I want only five—only four—they will soon come."

And he sings in a magnificent tenor voice, a sentimental romance, or a grand air. One must have his heart shielded with a triple cuirass of steel, to be able to resist so much coquetry.

I had therefore suffered myself to be absorbed in the contemplation of this old friend, whom I had found in the Champs Elysees, when I heard beside me a prolonged, hoarse, powerful, guttural scream, which had nothing human about it, but resembled more the roar of a lion, mingled with the rush of a torrent. At this harsh and wild summons, everybody ran in that direction; I ran with them, terrified and palpitating, and the Hercules immediately found himself almost alone. We saw a little stubby man with a big red nose; he had placed both hands over his mouth, and was howling through this improvised speaking trumpet, the classic appeal of mountebanks:—

"Ah! ah! ah! we shall see, we shall laugh; ah! ah! ah! this is the place to be amused! Ah! ah! ah!"

And the voice broke out in terrific roars; a stentor was a fool to this organ. His companion, while he takes off the blouse which protects his fantastic costume against the inclemency of the weather, looks at him, then looks at the crowd, smiling with a naive pride, like a man who admires the bon mots of his favorite clown. At the expiration of a moment, the crier turns towards his comrade, smiling in the same manner, then recommences with a sign of the hand, which seems to say—

"You shall see—see how I do things! What care you for what he says?"

"Ah! this is my stone-breaker," exclaimed I, for I know them all, and I am accustomed to look upon them as my property. The stone-breaker is an artist who has flourished for a short time on the pavement of the capital. His profession consists, as his name indicates, in breaking pebbles with his fist. The thing seems difficult; but where is the limit which separates the possible from the impossible, in this century, which has invented turning and talking tables, reviewed, corrected, and considerably augmented magnetism, balloons and railroads?

These two fellows are the kings of their species. Instead of crushing each other by rivalry, they have associated their talents—in union is strength. Besides, each has his peculiar vocation—one breaks stones, the other the bottoms and necks of bottles. They live in a touching fraternity—so much the better, for one cannot think without terror of what might happen, if they should take a fancy to box with each other. Milo of Crotona knocked down an ox with a single blow of his fist; these gentlemen would knock down Milo of Crotona himself. Let no one say after this, that Grecian antiquity is a tissue of improbable fables.

I know very well that there are those who assert that these pebbles are very easily broken; but what do not evil tongues say, and what would be left for us to wonder at, if we should believe them? Once, it is true, one of these stones, apparently very hard, which the showman had thrown, without having taken the necessary precautions, on the pedestal which served him as anvil, broke of itself amid the laughter of the sceptics. This was an unfortunate accident which, at most, was proof against the stone but not against the man. Besides, the latter soon silenced the laughters, by inviting them to enter the circle, and once, instead of their hands to contend with him, their iron-heeled shoes. Who could reply to such arguments, seconded by such fists? Then, the better to avenge this transient disgrace, he chose the roundest, blackest of all his pebbles, circulated it among the spectators, that they might judge of its solidity; and winding a handkerchief around his hand, with a single blow made it fly to pieces. After which, for another sum, raised in advance, he took another pebble of the same form, and this time broke it like glass with his naked hand.

Doubtless, he will soon do it with his teeth.

Towards the end of the exhibition, the orator made a speech, to announce that they would also appear in the city, in assemblies which would honor them with their confidence, and that they had already been several times summoned to exhibit in the most brilliant saloons of Paris. In fact, why not? it would perhaps be as amusing in an evening as to play whist or even at trictrac.

THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The Fourth Exhibition of the United States Agricultural Society, opened in Philadelphia, on Tuesday, Oct. 7th, with great eclat. The day was bright and blue, and the grounds were crowded with gay multitudes. The enclosure was of forty acres, being thus large enough to allow every department quite a large field for its display. The track was half a mile in circumference, and oblong in form. Directly in front of this was the judges' stand, and within its pale the officers and reporters' marquees. The exhibition began with a great cavalcade of all the horses under the direction of Capt. Thos. E. James, the Chief Marshal. The cavalcade halted in front of the judges' stand, when the President, Mr. Marshall, P. Wilder, briefly addressed the assemblage, congratulating the citizens of Philadelphia and others on the favorable auspices under which the Society met, and announcing the exhibition duly opened. The address was received with immense cheering, and the procession, preceded by the Marshals, moved around the track to the music of the national anthem. There were nearly three hundred horses on the track, many of which were of rare beauty.

The display of cattle was very fine. The Eastern States furnished but little, the risk of bringing valuable animals for so great a distance being always considerable. Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, and New Jersey stock breeders contributed largely. The draught stallions, breeding mares, fillies, etc., attracted much attention.

An English draught horse, jet black, 17½ hands high, attracted much notice. He was imported at three years of age, by H. Souder, of York county, Pa., at a cost of $1,000.

Among the celebrated horses on the course, was a pair of match horses belonging to Joseph Wright, of Waterloo, Seneca county, New York. They were jet black, having long tails and flowing manes, about 15 hands high, well broken, and very fast in harness, they having been the fastest match team on trial, making the time in 3.7.

Edward Harris, of New Jersey, exhibited a fine draught horse of the Norman breed, which weighs 1,290 pounds, the dam of which was imported from France by Mr. H. S. North, of Vermont, displayed his stallion "North Horse," of the Black Hawk and Morgan breed. He weighs 1,100 pounds, and is remarkable for beauty and carriage.

J. Morgan Ramsey had on the track a pair of beautiful gray mares, which were noticeable for their symmetry and fine action. There were a great many trotting horses on the ground, the names of a portion being the "State of Maine," "Frank," "Relaxer," "Young America," "Empress," &c.

Two horses entered by Col. Ware, of Virginia, were much admired. They are called "Cosmo" and "Gonzales," and were both of great beauty and symmetry. They were got by imported Skylark, and their dam by the famed Priam, which was imported to this country at a cost of $20,000. Skylark won 42 races, and on several occasions he ran two races on the same day.

Mr. J. D. Taylor, of New Jersey, exhibited two horses of the Kentucky Hunter and Black Hawk breeds, which were very handsome.

Among the celebrated nags exhibited in the ring, was the stud horse "Young Kemble Jackson," and the three year old "Black Hawk Colt," both belonging to Mr. George Shaw, of New Jersey. The display of draught horses was also remarkably fine. Ponies of the most wonderful diminutiveness, and with seemingly fairy powers of bearing burdens—some not larger than big dogs, yet strong enough to trot smartly round the ring with boys on their backs nearly as heavy as themselves—were seen in good number. A fine, but small display of mules was presented.

Among the steers were three from Chester county, weighing about two thousand six hundred pounds each, and not considered fat enough for the slaughter-house yet.

Among the most noted cattle were several head exhibited by Samuel Thorne, of Duchess county, N. Y. He had on the ground his splendid bull "Neptune," five years of age, which was imported in 1855, at a cost of $5,000. It was one of the most beautiful animals on the ground, and attracted much attention. T. P. Remington, of Philadelphia, made a fine display of superb cattle, among which was a white bull, calved in 1853. He had also another fine blooded bull, called the 2nd Lord Harrington, four years old, two one year old bulls, and nine beautiful heifers. Charles W. Bathgate, of Westchester county, N. Y., had a beautiful imported bull, four years old, roan color, which attracted much attention. Messrs. Thomas G. Ayering, of N. J., Mr. McConnell, of Delaware county, Pa., Dennis Kelley, and a number of others, exhibited bulls and heifers. There was also a fine display of working oxen, the most attractive of which seems to have been the ten yoke entered by the Chester County Agricultural Society.

J. Howard McHenry, Esq., of Baltimore, had quite a large collection of superior stock, of the Alderney breed. The lot consisted of the great bull, Commodore, which was imported by Mr. McHenry from the Island of Jersey, and which took the first premium at the Maryland State Fair in 1854. He is certainly a most noble animal, and of great value to any section of the country. He had also in the same range of stalls, Midshipman, a 2½ year old bull; Pearl, a 20 months heifer; and Peace, a 13 months heifer—the first two of which were imported by Mr. McHenry at a heavy expense. There was also near these several fine cows, deposited by the same gentleman among which was one named Apis, 6 years old, and another named Cady, which, in April last, had two fine calves at a birth. There was also an imported cow in this lot, called Charity, which is a very fine animal.

George Rogster, of Lancaster, Pa., exhibited his splendid bull Emperor, which is a cross between the Durham bull and a pure Ayrshire cow. It is four years old, and was raised in Massachusetts. Messrs. Martin, J. J. Newton, R. McConnell, and John Knight, all of this State, exhibited fine specimens of cows and bulls.

John McGowan, the Assistant Secretary of the Society, exhibited a 16 months grade heifer, and Mac, an eleven month Alderney bull, both in excellent condition.

Samuel McAleer, of Philadelphia, had for competition a heave cow and heifer, the former being probably the largest cow on exhibition. A very large one was also exhibited by W. Bishop, of Delaware county, Pa.

J. H. McHenry, of Baltimore county, exhibited two mares, and eight fine milch cows.

Many and contributed largely, so far as fine blooded cattle is concerned. Among those from that State, were three beautiful Ayrshire heifers, named Heliotrope, Katy and Janette, from Ramsey McHenry's farm, Baltimore county, Md., which were much admired. The same gentleman also exhibited one of the largest bulls on the ground. It is seven years old, and called "Macbeth," and a two year old bull, besides an imported cow, "Mary, Queen of Scots." These animals are most beautiful, and reflected much honor upon our sister State, which is emulous of being considered the banner State for fine cattle.

Mr. John Merryman, of Baltimore, exhibited his fine two year old bulls, "Mac" and "Highlander," both splendid specimens of blooded stock, also several fine blooded cows.

John Glenn, of Baltimore county, had two fine ten months bull calves, and one twenty one months old, which, for their age, can hardly be surpassed.—He had also a splendid selection of cows, heifers and calves, all pure Aldderneys.

There was a large number of superb sheep on exhibition. The greatest curiosity among them was one of the Lincolnshire breed, with wool twenty-four inches long! It was entered by J. Munt, Esq., of Albany county, N. Y.

The show of imported sheep was particularly fine, the most celebrated on exhibition being a score of the Cotswold breed, 15 of which were imported at great expense by Col. J. W. Ware, of Virginia.

Mr. Samuel Thorne, of New York, who had an exhibition a lot of fine imported cattle, also displayed two Southdown yearling rams, which were very superior. Thos. Betts exhibited four Southdown bucks, two years old, and nine ewes of the same breed, which were recently imported from England by Mr. Betts. Messrs. Sidney G. Fisher, Aaron Clemens, and J. M. Leslie, all of this State, exhibited sheep of the Southdown breed. Joseph Cope, of Chester county, had ten Southdown ewes, five lambs seven months old, and one fine buck. Thomas Aston, of Ohio, had nine imported ewes, of the Leicester and Cotswold variety, four of them four years old, and five one year. He had also three fine long-wool bucks, very fine. L. Newton, of Pa., exhibited a rare collection of imported sheep, among which was a ewe and lamb of Tasker and Tunis breeds. Wm. Reybold, of Delaware City, extensively known as an importer and grower of sheep, displayed nine bucks and ewes, two years old, of the Cotswold breed, one imported buck four years old, and in another pen twenty of the same variety. He also exhibited eight sheep, fattened for the shambles, which were certainly fat enough for the most epicurian taste. The Tartary long wooled which have hair instead of wool, deposited by Mr. A. T. Newbold, of Philadelphia, were among the curiosities of the Fair, and an immense crowd was constantly around their pens.

The swine exhibition was also exceedingly fine, embracing the English Suffolk, large breed, &c. One of the largest boars on the ground was from the Pennsylvania Hospital. Mr. John McGowan, of Philadelphia, exhibited a number of fine specimens of the large breed of hogs. Thomas Brenan, of this city, also exhibited two English sows, which were very fine. E. V. Dickey, G. F. Burren, Robert Little, and a number of Pennsylvanians, had a large collection of valuable and beautiful hogs.

Poultry of every variety was to be seen in profusion. In this part of the ground, Mr. W. W. Clark, of Philadelphia, had a large cage, in which he had about 100 pigeons, of almost every variety, some of which were entirely new.

The display of agricultural implements was considerable. The following gentlemen were foremost in this department:—C. W. Bradfield, Morris & Co., who had a tent 120 feet long and 42 wide; Nourse, Mason & Co., of Boston, who exhibited 175 articles of their own manufacture; Landreth & Son, a large display; also R. T. Edginton's and S. S. Allen's mowing machines; Rose, Scott, & Co., and Cresson, Stewart and Peterson, cob and corn mills; Archambault, portable steam engines for farming purposes.

Messrs. Rockafellow & Howell exhibited an improved mowing and reaping machine. The improvements consist in having stationary as well as reciprocating knives. The driver of the mower is seated upon the machine, and with a slight motion of a lever, can raise the knives so as to suit any height of grain or unevenness of ground. The machine takes up but little room, and the draught being central, much power is gained. It received its full share of attention from the farmers, having taken the premium at the Montgomery County Fair.

Near this machine was a mammoth corn sheller, separator and cleaner, invented by Mr. H. E. Smith, which, it is said, will shell and clean 5,000 bushels per day. It occupies about the same space of an ordinary fan, and can be worked by steam, horse-power, or by hand.

Another interesting and valuable invention was a coal cart, invented by J. W. Martin, of Burlington, N. J., and deposited by Mr. Samuel H. Rothermel, of this city. This cart has a scale attached to it, by which every consumer of coal or dealer in the article can ascertain the exact weight in the cart when brought to the door. The scale is fastened to a frame upon the axle, and by a lever the weight is put upon the scale at four points simultaneously. One of these carts has been in use for several months, and is found to answer the purpose well. The cart is not required to be level to get the weight of coal, like ordinary scales. The extra weight to a cart by making this attachment is but trifling, and the cost is only about $30.

There was a separate pavilion for the display of fruit, vegetables, etc., all of which last was exceedingly beautiful. In fine, the entire exhibition was got up in the style for which this Society is celebrated, and everything went off in the finest possible manner.

On Friday, the 10th inst., about two thousand people sat down to a banquet served in the great pavilion. A great number of individuals were present. Speeches were made by Mr. Wilder, the President of the Society; Gov. Pollock of Pennsylvania; Gov. Price of New Jersey; Mayor Vaux; Hon. G. W. P. Custis, W. M. Meredith, Esq., Hon. Josiah Quincy, and others. A letter was read from the Hon. Robt. C. Winthrop. The occasion is reported to have been one of great pleasure and hilarity. At the close of the banquet, the following list of premiums was read by the President—a portion of the premiums were not at that time awarded:—

THE PREMIUMS.

[In all cases were the second and third premiums are omitted the reader will understand that there was no competition or no animals worthy of the premiums.]

CLASS I.—CATTLE.

No. 1.—SWEEPSTAKES PREMIUM.

For the best herd, a bull and four cows or heifers of any age, of any breed, belonging to one person, a sweepstakes premium of $200—Samuel Thorne, of New York, Washington Hollow, Duchess county, New York, for his Durham herd.

No. 2.—THE HERD PREMIUMS.

For best Durham bull and four cows or heifers belonging to any one person, $100—Samuel Thorne, of New York.

For best Devon bull and four cows or heifers belonging to any one person, $100—Wm. H. Gibbins, of Maryland; next best, diploma—J. Howard McHenry, of Maryland.

For best Hereford bull and four cows or heifers, belonging to any one person, $100—Wm. H. Botham, of New York.

For best Ayrshire bull and four cows, $100—Ramsey McHenry, of Maryland.

For best Alderney (or Jersey) bull and four cows, or heifers belonging to any one person, $100—J. Howard McHenry, of Md.; next best, diploma, Reuwald L. Colt, of New Jersey.

For best cows or heifers full blood, $50—Jno. Merryman, of Md.; next best, diploma—Richard Cartright. [See note, under head of "Grade or Native Cows."]

No. 3.—DURHAM BULLS.

Three years old and upwards, first premium $100—Samuel Thorne of New York, Napoleon; second do $50—Thomas Richardson of New Jersey, Duke of Normandy; third do, Diploma—Wm. H. Botham, of New York.

Two years old and under three years, first premium $100—David Carlisle of New Jersey, Gen. Hector; second do $50—T. P. Remington of Pa., Richard D oth

One year old and under two years, first premium $20—T. P. Remington of Pa., Lord Raglan; second do $10—Lewis F. Hoopes of Pa., Duke of Athol.

DURHAM COWS AND HEIFERS.

Three years old and upwards, first premium $100—Samuel Thorne of New York, Lady Rooth; second do $50—Samuel Thorne of New York, Lady Millicent.

Two years old and under three years, first premium $50—Samuel Thorne of New York, Mrs. Luther; second do $25—Thos. F. Remington of Pa., Cora Tantal.

One year old and under two years, first premium $20—Samuel Thorne of New York, Peerless; second do $10—S. Thorne of New York, Mistress Gwynn.

No. 4.—DEVON BULLS.

Three years old and upwards, first premium $100—J. H. ward McHenry of Maryland, Uncas; second do $50—G. G. Vernon of New York.

Two years old and under three years, first premium $50—R. G. Fellas of new York; second do $25—Jacob N. Hansell, of Penn.

One year old and under two years, first premium $20—C. J. Wainwright of New York; second do $10—A. Underhill of do.

DEVON COWS AND HEIFERS.

Three years old and upwards, first premium $100—Wm. B. Ilo bin of Maryland do, $—M. G. Fellas of N. Y.

Two years old and under three years, first premium $50—J. Wainwright of New York; second do $25—R. G. Fellas of do.

One year old and under two years, first premium $20—J. N. Bleakeley, of Conn; second do, $10—George Martin, of Pennsylvania.

No. 5.—AYRSHIRE BULLS.

Three years old and upwards, first premium, $100—Jno. Merryman, for Highlander; second do $5—Ramsay McHenry, for Macbeth.

Two years old and under 3, first premium, $50—John Merryman, for Mac; second do, $25—Ramsay McHenry, for Erwin.

One year old under 2, first premium, $20—not awarded; 2nd do $10—Thomas Betts.

AYRSHIRE COWS AND HEIFERS.

Three years old and over, first premium, $100—A M Thorne, for Jessie; second do, $50—R McHenry, for Mary, Second Queen of Scotts.

Two years old and under 3, $50—R McHenry, for Heliotrope; do do, $25—do same, for Kate.

One year old and under 2, $20—R McHenry, for Mignonette; do do, $10—Hiram Cleveland, for Maryland.

No. 6.—HEREFORDS.

Three years old and upwards, first premium, $100—Thos Aston, of Ohio, carley; second do, $50—Wm H Botham of New York, Mystery. Discretionary premium of $10 to Wm. D Boure, of Md., for Victory.

One year old under two years, first premium $20—John Merryman, of Md. Calhoun.

GRADE COWS AND HEIFERS.

Three years old and upwards, first premium $100—Wm H Botham of New York, Myrtle; second do $50—Thomas Aston, of Ohio Duchess.

Two years old and under three years, first premium $50—Wm H. Botham of New York, Lady; do do $25 do. John Rose.

One year old and under two years, first premium $20—Wm. H. Botham of New York, Gentle; second do $10—John Merryman of Md. for Black Beauty.

No. 7.—JERSEY (ALDERNEY) COWS.

Three years old and upwards, 1st premium $100—James B McHenry, Md, Commodore; second do $50—Roswell L. Colt of N Jersey Jersey Princess.

Two years old and under three years, first premium $50—J. H. McHenry, of Md, Midshipman; second do $25—T P Remington, Penna, Cora Nacoche.

One year old and under two years, first premium $20—J. Howard McHenry, Md., Bullet; second do $10—Roswald L. Colt, of N J. at Clermont.

JERSEY COWS AND HEIFERS.

Three years old and upwards, first premium $100—John Glenn, Maryland, Victoria; second do $50—J. H. McHenry, do. Faith.

Two years old and under three years, first premium $50—Dr. Twaddell, Penna., Europe; second do $25—Roswald L. Colt, N J. Jenny.

One year old and under two years, first premium $20—John Dean, Maryland, Duchess; second do $10—J. H. McHenry, do. Pearl

No. 8.—GRADE, OR NATIVE COWS.

(The Committee on this class misunderstood the extent of their duties, and awarded premiums for both GRADE AND NATIVE cows. The schedule reads OR native cows. The matter will be referred to the Executive Committee for decision.) The awards were as follows:

For the best grade cow over 4 years old, to Chas Lloyd, first premium of $20, for Madame; for second best, $12, to Geo Martin, for Cherry.

For grade heifers, between two and three years, $25, to Jno Merryman, of Maryland, for Aida; second premium, $15, to Isaac Newton, of Pennsylvania.

For one year old, $10, to Thos G Ancrieg; second premium $5, to Geo M ntz, of Philada.

Reserved for native cows as follows:

Three years old and upwards, $20, to Marks Martin, of West Philadelphia, for Mary Anne; second premium, $12, to John Merryman, of Maryland.

One year old, commended for premium of $10 to Sarah H Greaves, for Fair Star; discretionary premium of $5 to Root McFarland, for a fine heifer.

No. 9.—MILCH COWS.

Five years old and over, first premium, $100—Washington Bishop, Delaware Co., Pa; second do, $50—George Martin, Philadelphia; third do $25—John Burrow, do.

Three years and under four, $25 to George Martin, of Philadelphia; $20 to Robt Little, of Philadelphia; $15 to John Merryman, of Maryland; $10 to William Supine, of Pennsylvania.

No. 10.—WORKING OXEN.

Four years old and upwards, first premium $100—Jos. A. Perrine, N J.; second do $75—Richard Pim, Penn'a; third do $50—J. N. Blakeslee, Conn; fourth do $25—Benjamin Hoopman, Penn'a

Two years old and under four, first premium $50—Jacob N. Blakesley, Conn; second do $20, no third do $10. Recommended a diploma to John Irish, for his skill in driving.

No. 11.—TOWN TEAMS.

For the best team, not less than ten yoke of oxen, from any county, $100—Agricultural Society of Chester Co., Pa; second do $50—J. N. Blakeslee, Conn.

No. 12.—FAT CATTLE.

Fat Bullock, first premium $50—Caleb Brinton; second do $30, do

CLASS II.—HORSES.

No. 13.—THOROUGH BRED STALLIONS AND MARES.

Stallions, four years old and upwards, 1st premium $200—John D. Hoover, Chester, second do $100—J. W. Ward, Conn; third do $50—P. J. Simmonds, Childs Harold.

Mares, four years old and upwards, first premium $150 A. Maxfield, Fairy Anthony; second do $75—J. W. Ward, Victor; third do $30—Dr. H. S. Grayson, Carrie.

Discretionary premium $100 to A. Maillard and $50 to "Rose Poll."

No. 14.—HEAVY DRAFT STALLIONS AND MARES.

Stallions, three years old and upwards, first premium $150—Samuel Holman, Pa., Duke of Normandy; second do $75—James Boyer, Pa., Trafalgar; third do $25—Jacob Rohrer, Pa., Young Cotham.

Mares, three years old and upwards, first premium $100—Peter Yarnall, Pa., Kate; second do $50—John Cooke, Pa., Fanny; third do $25—Peter Yarnall, Pa., Fanny

No. 15.—STALLIONS FOR GENERAL UTILITY.

Four years old and upwards, first premium of $200, to Lemuel North & Co., for Sherman Morgan, or North Horse, owned by L. North & Co., of Champlain, Clinton county, New York; second premium, $100, to George C Shaw, Kingsing, Kenosha Jamieson; third premium, $50 to James Hunter, for Rattler, and recommend a gratuitality fee to Garwood & Elwell, one of $25 to T T Jackson, and one of $25 to U Bowne.

No. 16.—STALLIONS FOR GENERAL UTILITY.

Three years old and under four, first premium $150—S & D Leavitt, Jr., Lewis Bowling; second do $75—A D Connover, Bucks; third do $50—J Ridgway, Pa bastopol

No. 17.—STALLIONS FOR GENERAL UTILITY.

Two years old and under three, first premium $50—George W Fowler, Del. Thoroughgood, second do $25—J L Hines, N Y Tom Sherman; third do $15—J T Jackson, N J.

One year old and under two years, first premium $20—C. Williamson, Skyark; second do $10—Edward W. Mott, Lenox.

Discretionary premiums to S. R. Browne of New York for "Young Trustee," and to Wm. C. Kyle for "Tom Morgan, Jr." and to Isaac Newton for "Young Morgan."

No. 18.—MARES IN HARNESS AND FILLIES.

Mares, four years old and upwards, first premium $150—John B Jessup, N. J., Lady Clare; second do $100—A. L Pennock, Pa., Fanny; third do $50—Geo C Shaw, N. J. Long Island

Fillies, three years old, first premium $75—A L Pennock, Pa., thirteen days; second do $50—J. S. Hicks, N. J., Fanny

Fillies, two years old, first premium $50—J. S. Adams N. J., Flora Morgan; second do $30—Wm. B. Mott, Pa., Sallie Ann Taylor

Fillies, one year old and under two, first premium $30—G. W. Cope, Pa., Alice Gray; second premium $20—G. W. Henderson, Blue Fellow.

No. 19.—MATCHED HORSES.

First premium $100—A. Lake, N. J.; second do $75—Jas. Wright, N. Y.; third do $50—M. A. Kellogg, Pa., fourth do $25—Aaron Vandeveer Pa.

No. 20.—FANCY MATCHED HORSES.

First premium, $75, to D A McCready; second do, $20 to R Hedgway.

No. 21.—PONIES

Matched $25—J. E. Ayres; single $20—Joseph Swift.

Special premium of $15 to Penn Institute for matched ponies and $5 to Charles Ayres for single pony.

No. 22.—DRAFT HORSES.

Matched Draft Horses, first premium $100—William D. Kimm.

First premium $ 00—M A Kellogg, Pa., George; second do $50—William Hatchenson, of New York; Kentucky Hunter; third do $30—A Small, Pa., Lady Washington; 4th do $20—H D Nelson Pa., Tapsey; 5th do $10—R Greenwell John; 6th do $30—J. S Quinton, Charley; seventh do $20—W Cook, Hunter.

Special premiums of $10 to C Tate and $5 to William Dermott.

No. 23.—FAMILY HORSES, SINGLE. (SPEED.)

First premium, $20—J. E. Hall, of Philadelphia, for Jesse; second do, $ 0—S Foster, of do, for Major; third do, $50—E K Conklin, do for Bess.

No. 30—MULES.

Two years old and over, one pair, $50—James Buckalew; second do $25—Geo W Hocker; third do $15—Jas. Buckalew.

Special premium to Geo W Hocker for his mule team; and to T. E Shoves for a single mule.

CLASS III.—SHEEP.

No. 31.—LONG WOOLED SHEEP.

To William Reybold, Esq., of Delaware, we award for his imported Buck, 4 years old, the 1st premium of $15

For his yearling Buck, 2d premium of 10

For his 2 fat Wethers, a discretionary premium of 10

To C. J. W. Ware, of Virginia, for Imported Buck, 2 year old, the 2d premium of 15

For his Buck, under 2 years, 1st premium of 10

For his two Ewes, 1st premium of 25

To Ge rge A. Adler, for a Buck Lamb, seven months old, discretionary premium of 7

To John Mauny, of Pa., for 6 fat Wethers, discretionary premium of 10

To Charles Dandaker, of Pa., for five Ewes, 2d premium of 15

To Thomas Aston, of Ohio, for his 4 year old Buck, a discretionary premium of 10

For his five yearling Ewes, 1st premium of 20

No. 32.—SOUTH DOWN BUCKS.

Two years old and over, first premium $30—Thomas Butt, 2nd do $10 do

Under two years, first premium $10—George Campbell, of Vermont; second do, $15—Wm Chamberlin, of New York.

Under two years, first premium, $20—Wm Chamberlin, of New York; second do, $10—Geo Campbell, of Vermont.

EWES, NOT LESS THAN FIVE IN NUMBER.

Two years old, and over, first premium, $30—George Campbell, of Vermont; second do, $15—Wm Chamberlin, of New York.

Under two years, first premium, $20—Wm Chamberlin, of New York.

No. 33.—FRENCH MERINOS. BUCKS.

Two years old and over, first premium, $30—W Chamberlin, New York; second do, $15, Daniel Kimball, Vermont.

Under one year, first premium, $20—Daniel Kimball, Vermont; second do, $10—W Chamberlin, New York.

EWES, NOT LESS THAN FIVE IN NUMBER.

Two years old, and over first premium, $20—W Chamberlin, New York; second do, $15—Daniel Kimball, Vermont.

Under two years old, first premium, $20—Wm Chamberlin, New York; second do, $10 Daniel Kimball, Vermont.

No. 34.—SILESIAN MERINOS. BUCKS.

Two years old, and over first premium, $30—George Campbell, of Vermont; second do, $15—Wm Chamberlin, of New York.

Under two years, first premium, $20—Wm Chamberlin, of New York; second do, $10—Geo Campbell, of Vermont.

EWES, NOT LESS THAN FIVE IN NUMBER.

Two years old, and over, first premium, $30—George Campbell, of Vermont; second do, $15—Wm Chamberlin, of New York.

Under two years, first premium, $20—Wm Chamberlin, of New York.

No. 35.—FRENCH MERINOS. BUCKS.

Two years old and over, first premium, $30—W Chamberlin, New York; second do, $15, Daniel Kimball, Vermont.

Under one year, first premium, $20—Daniel Kimball, Vermont; second do, $10—W Chamberlin, New York.

EWES, NOT LESS THAN FIVE IN NUMBER.

Two years old, and over first premium, $20—W Chamberlin, New York; second do, $15—Daniel Kimball, Vermont.

Under two years old, first premium, $20—Wm Chamberlin, New York; second do, $10 Daniel Kimball, Vermont.

No. 36.—SPANISH MERINO, BUCKS.

Two years old, and over, first premium $30—George Campbell of Vermont; second do, $15—J M Blakeslee, of Connecticut.

Under two years old, first premium, $20—George Campbell, of Vermont; second do, $10, do.

EWES, NOT LESS THAN FIVE IN NUMBER.

Two years old and over, first premium, $25—J N Blakesly, of Connecticut; second do, George Campbell, of Vermont.

Under two years old, first premium $20—J N Blakesly, of Connecticut; second do, George Campbell, of Vermont. And recommend a complimentary premium of $5 to the same.

CASHMERE GOATS.

The Committee report in detail, which concludes as follows: With entire unanimity they recommend that a test medal of the highest grade, awarded as a discretionary premium, with a suitable inscription, as prepared under the direction of the Executive Committee, and be presented and transmitted by the President to the exhibitor, Colonel Edward Burgess, of Nevada, Ca.

CLASS IV.—SWINE.

No. 37.—LARGE BREED.

Boars two years old and over, first premium $25—C Miller; second do $15—Thos Richardson of N Y.

Boars one year old and over, first premium $20—Peter Rose.

Sows two years and over, first premium $20—Geo W Hunt; second do $ 5—Lewis P Hoopes.

No. 38.—SMALL BREED.

Boars two years and over, first premium $25—Robert Purvis; second do $ 5—Geo I Curwin.

Boars one year and over, first premium $20—E V Disney; second do $ 0—Dr Crabb.

Sows two years and over, first premium $25—E V Disney.

No. 39.—SWINE OF OTHER BREEDS.

Boars two years and over, first premium $25 Penn Hospital; second do $ 5—Jno McGowan.

Boars one year and over, first premium $20—George D Parrish; second do $ 0—Mr. Cartwright.

No. 40.—PIGS, NOT LESS THAN SIX IN LITTER.

Six months old and under ten, first premium $ 0—Lewis P Hoopes; second do $10—Geo W Hunt.

Special premiums of $20 to D B Haight of New York, and $10 to Thos Wood.

CLASS V.—POULTRY.

No. 41.—GALLINACEOUS FOWLS.

For the best collection of different varieties of pure bred fowls, owned by the exhibitor, $25—J. T. Crabb; second best do $15—W C Radford; discretionary premium of $10 to W. W. Clark, for fine pigeons.

No. 42.—LARGE GALLINACEOUS FOWLS.

For the best trio of white buff Shanghaes, $5—Robert Purvis; second best do $4—Dr James T Crabb; for the best trio of black do, $5—do; second best do $3—do; for the best trio of white do $5—do; second best do $3—do; for best trio of gray or brahma Pootras, $5—Jas Gillespie; second best do $3—Jas. Crabb

No. 43.—OTHER GALLINACEOUS FOWLS.

For the best trio of black spanish, $5—A. Holden; second best do, $3; for the best trio of white Dorking, $5—A Holden; second best do, $3—do; for the best trio of gray or speckled do, $5—E T. Hyatt; second best do, $3—do; for the best trio of silver pencilled Hamburgh, $5—J. O Crabb; for the best trio of golden pencilled do, $5—A Borden; for the best trio of spangled do, $5—R C Radford; for the best trio of black do, $5—H. Cooper; for the best trio D minique Dunghill, $5—R. C. Radford; discretionary premium of $3—John Denton.

No. 43¾.—OTHER GALLINACEOUS FOWLS, CONTINUED.

For the best trio of white crested black Polish, $5—R. C. Radford; second best do, $3—A. Holden; for the best trio of games, $5—Matthias Kuhn; second best do, $3—do; for the best trio of bantams, $5—James Gillespie; second best do, $3—James T. Crabb; discretionary premium to G. G. Green for white Polands.

No. 44.—TURKEYS.

For the best pair wild, $5—James T. Crabb; for the best pair domestic, $5—R C. Radford; second best do, $3—do.

No. 45.—GUINEA FOWLS.

For the best pair, $5—R C. Radford; second best do, $3—Henry Bowman; discretionary premium to James T. Crabb.

No. 46.—DUCKS.

For the best pair of the Aylesbury, $5—Thos Richardson; second best do, $3—R C Radford; for the best pair of the Rouen, $5—W W Ball; second best do $3—Robert Purv

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"Running the Gauntlet."

Reader, have you ever been upon the restless ocean when the destroying hurricane breathed its furious breath around your laboring craft, and when the rugged rocks and boiling surf of the dreaded "Lee shore" loomed upon the misty horizon and warned you of the necessity of "holding your own" against the gale, while friendly miles of space yet existed between you and their fatal dangers? Have you ever watched the strained canvas and the complaining spar, the hauling gale, the heavy dive into the green seas, and the distant land, which, as the gale hauled was charging into the "dreaded lee shore?" Have you ever, at the commencement of a dark and stormy night, with your position but poorly defined upon an unreliable chart, felt the necessity of running your ship through a narrow passage before the gale while its direction yet enabled you to do so, or remain "hove-to" with the *strong* probability of being wrecked on the rocks *before* morning? If you have ever found yourself in a strait like this, then you can readily appreciate the feelings of the officers (the crew being purposely kept in ignorance of our danger) of the "old John" as the shades of such a stormy night closed around us and left us to choose between these two evils.

It was in October, 1854, that two vessels were working their way through the Yellow sea from their late surveying ground near the eastern end of the great wall of China, to the more southern latitude of the port of Shanghea, when they were overtaken by a spell of bad weather that commenced by shutting out all celestial bodies from which to determine their changing position, and ended in a heavy gale, which, combined with unknown currents, want of observations, and doubtful charts, rendered our position perilous in the extreme.

These two vessels were the everlasting "old John," and the pilot-boat Fenimore Cooper, two of the three sail that composed the surveying and exploring expedition under the command of Lieut. Comdg. John Rodgers, U. S. N. We had been engaged during the day in a search for some imaginary islands, and had just squared away for Shanghea, when the wind commenced hauling, soon freshened to a gale, and finally caused us to come to a stand still under a close reefed maintopsail and fore-storm staysail, and with just enough steam up to keep our old tub from falling off into the trough of the heavy sea. Even with the assistance of steam, however, we did not make half the weather of it as did the little Cooper, who, with her close-reefed foresail only, climbed over the threatening seas with the lightness of a feather, and held her own beautifully; while we, like a half soaked log, swashed *through* rather than *over* them, and like a huge crab, drifted bodily to leeward. The consequence of this was, that in a very few hours we lost sight of the Cooper's light, and when we next saw it it was off the town of Shanghea.

Well, we drifted along quite miserably in this way for some time, our decks being no sooner well clear of one sea, than another would slap her on the bow, curl over the fall, and sweep aft through the lee gang-way. We had taken care to batten down all of the forward hatches before night set in, and about four bells in the first watch, (10 P. M.,) began to wish that we had done likewise by the after ones. At that time a heavy weather roll brought in a sea over the main chains, that deluged the quarter-deck, filled the ward-room and our state-rooms six inches deep, and swashed up into our bunks with so much effect as to soak our beds and awaken us most thoroughly.

Having the mid-watch ahead, I had turned in an hour before, and was annoyed, though not at all surprised at my nocturnal bath; it was not the first thing of the kind by any means, and being easily pleased, I was fast becoming reconciled to it as one of the necessary accompaniments of that interesting cruize. Buckets, dippers, and swabs, were now in great demand, and a quarter watch (*called quarter* watch because it *means half* of the watch that are on deck) was sent below to pass up the water, while the rest of the watch helped the carpenter to batten down the offending hatches. How often we wait until the horse is out of the stable before we turn the key in the door.

Well, while the men were bailing up the water, while the old ship rolled horribly, and while I was turning over my mattress in the partially successful search for a dry spot upon which to coil myself away for the next two hours, while all this was going on, I heard a knock at my state-room, and then the voice of the quartermaster of the watch.

"Mr. Smith!"

"Well?"

"The Captain wants you, sir."

"The mischief he does! How many bells is it?"

"Gone four, sir!"

"Very well! Anything gone wrong?"

"No, sir! Only he wants you in the cabin. The Second Lieutenant and Master's in there now over the chart."

"All *right!*" said Smith—but he buttoned up his coat as he stepped out into the chilly air over a vast deal of dissatisfaction, and looking ahead to an unpleasant night, wished himself well clear of the sea and *everything* connected with it. Reader, Smith was the then First Lieutenant of the "old John," and is now the present writer, and will be the future shunner of all exploring and surveying expeditions around the world.

"*Sorry* to disturb you, Mr. Smith," said the Captain, as I opened his cabin door, and took off my cap—"but the truth is, that we are getting into another of our 'tight places,' and want to come at the best way for keeping out of it."

"You hav'nt disturbed me at all, sir," I replied, "the water got the start of you, our rooms are all afloat again in the ward room."

"So I hear. Well, I'm afraid we'll have to steam up and get her off before this gale. We're making such a bad weather of it, and have parted company with the Cooper. The gale is howling, and if it continues to do so for two hours more, will make the coast of China a lee-shore. We must run through between the capes before it heads us off, or stand our chance of holding our own sufficiently well to keep off the land. Mr. Hosgood and Jayatche both think with me; we've been talking it over, and think we'd better run for the China Sea in spite of the strong chance that exists of our running down one or the other of the capes for want of observations. Have you anything to advise?"

I looked at Hosgood. He had made two black spots on the chart, and joined them together by a straight line.

"We have *every* reason to suppose that we are on that line," he said, in answer to my look of inquiry, "but upon what exact point of it we cannot say. The chances are about two out of the three that we are *between those spots*, hence we may be outside. We propose steering a south course, which will take us between the capes and into the open sea, if our supposition is right. If I have allowed too much or too little for drift and current, or if the chart is much out, we will strike on the east or west cape, as the case may be. If we remain here and the gale goes on howling, we will be on a lee-shore before morning; my voice is for running. Voila! The elephant.

He shrugged his shoulders, half Frenchman as he is, and indulged in a muttered imprecation, as the ship made a heavy lurch that almost threw us from our feet.

"I think, too, that our best chance is in running, sir," I replied, as the captain again asked my opinion; "it's an ugly night, and we are as likely to feel the capes as to see them; still, it won't do to remain here."

"Well, then, *run it is*. Order Le Tailleur (our Chief Engineer,) to get up good steam, goosewing the foresail, secure everything about the decks, batten down the cabin hatch, and let me know when you're ready for putting the helm up. There's an awful sea running, but we must try to find a smooth time, and then get by the trough as soon as possible."

So we left him, and went on deck, where an active and exciting scene soon commenced. The clear, shrill whistle of the Boatswain's mate first arose over the howling of the gale, and called every man to his station for "wearing ship." Then commenced the preparations—lights flashing around the gloomy decks, and only serving to render everything more gloomy than before; men hurrying here and there; the dapping of sails, the creaking of blocks, the slapping about of the running rigging, and the hoarse voice of the speaking-trumpet, striving to make itself heard over the battle of the elements. Nor was this all; the thick sheets of descending rain, the heavy seas breaking over the entire length of the ship, and the visible darkness whose gloom, as I say, seemed only increased by the flitting lights, as they danced around the locale of some particular work, combined to render the whole affair anything but pleasant, and promised us an anxious night.

In twenty minutes everything was ready, when the Captain came up and offered to take charge of the deck, but as this unusual proceeding might have alarmed some of the crew, it was determined to leave the deck in my charge. Hence the Captain took up his position near the man at the wheel, while I mounting into the weather mizzen rigging, held on with my left hand, and commenced to watch anxiously the toweing seas as they rolled by, partly under our keel, partly over our decks. These were some of the most anxious moments of my whole life, as I thus awaited the arrival of a period of comparative quiet, to enable me to give the order to put the helm up with safety. It was so dark that I could not see the seas until they were nearly upon us, and I could only hope to *feel*, by the change in the ship's motion, when the proper time was arriving. Finally I judged that that time had come, and as the old ship recovered herself slowly, after a more than usually heavy lurch and dive, I gave the orders, "Hard up the helm! Go-a-head strong with the engine! Brace in the after yards! Haul aboard the fore tack!" And then everything was done that *we* could do. It now became the turn of the head sails of the helm, and of the propeller to do the rest. If she went off before the wind, before another heavy sea arrived, we were all right; if she hung in the trough of the sea, we would in all probability founder in five minutes. In either case, *nothing more could be done to help her*; the die had been cast. I grasped the rigging more tightly, and strained my eyes towards the labering bow, but everything was so dark and impenetrable, that I could only *hope* that she was falling off. Suddenly I felt the wind drawing abeam, then even *abaft* it. I began to breathe freely.

What a glorious thing a propeller is! When the helm had been put up, the old tub was lying like a log in the troubled ocean, and yet the rushing waters of the whirling screw, acting upon the lee side of the rudder, turned her as upon a pivot, thus bringing both wind and sea abaft the beam sooner than we had any reason to hope for. Yes, the dreaded *trough* was passed quickly, and yet not a second too soon, for it was no sooner accomplished than the heaviest sea of any that had yet struck us, came rolling up under our weather quarter, broke completely over our decks, and caused the old ship to vibrate as if every timber in her sides had been started.

It was a beautiful as well as a fearful sight, to see that sea rear its tottering crest over our very quarter, cast itself bodily upon our trembling decks, and then rush forward, half of it inboard, half of it outboard along the weather side, sweeping with it arm-chests, gratings, spare-spars, yelping dogs, empty chicken coops, squeeling pigs, struggling men, and in short, *everything* that was *movable*. Some of them it swept completely overboard, others it lodged in the ropes along the bulwarks, or piled in a confused mass about and under the launch. All along our weather bulwark it broke also, from the very quarter to the distant stern, pouring in over the rail like a young Niagara, washing away spars from the weather chains, and twisting off the very wing of the crow-like eagle that had for years adorned (?) our bow. It was an awful shock, and we feared for the ship after that. At the same time, however, it was productive of a good result; for, as her stern settled down as it passed from under us, we were urged forward with a velocity which combined with the action of the propeller, threw us before both wind and sea, and told us that the danger was past. We actually astonished the barnacles and rudder fish by flying before the gale at the rate of eleven knots the hour, and even after disconnecting the propeller, we found her speed unchanged, so heavy was the gale and sea.

And thus we ran the gauntlet of those rugged capes; through that dark night, that blinding rain, that shrieking hurricane, and before those angry seas that growled, and broke, and rose again under our flying stern. We had disconnected the propeller, but still kept up steam, and all hands on deck, to be ready for any emergency that might turn up. It was a long night, but daylight came after awhile, and with it, safety. At noon it was clear weather again, and we got observations that fixed our position on the chart. Then we drew a straight line in a *due North* direction, which, as we had been steering *due South* through the night, showed us the track we had run over, and it was frightful to see how closely we had shaved one of the capes; so closely in fact, that had steering alone might have cast us upon its hopeless rocks.

The Tiger and the Gold Bracelet.—A tiger who had lost his teeth and claws, but not his wits, with old age, was puzzled to know how to get a dinner. He was certainly no longer a match for any stout Hindoo who chose to risk a tussle with him, and yet he could not allow himself to die of hunger. Luckily he discovered a handsome bracelet, which some fair damsel had dropped in her walk; and in a moment he had decided how to sate his hunger. He neared the highway, and placed himself at a quiet spot on the corner of a bog, which, being covered with fresh green grass, had the appearance of an inviting meadow. Throwing the bracelet some yards from him on this bog, he coolly lay down, put on a look of pious misery, and awaited the arrival of a traveller. A weary and needy pad-the-hoof soon came by, when our old friend, who, by some odd chance, had as good a knowledge of Scripture texts as any Puritan, Roundhead or fraudulent banker, begins a string of pious exclamations.

"Friend traveller," he cries, "you have no need to fear me. You see what a wretched, worn-out creature I am. With one foot in the grave, I am here to repent of the atrocities which I acknowledge I committed in my youth. I confess I had a passion for man's flesh, and that I indulged it to the utmost, but age and sickness have reformed me, and ere I die I am anxious to make what amends I can to your race for the ravages I have been guilty of. Yonder is a bracelet some wayfarer has dropped. You would have passed by without seeing it, if I had not pointed it out. It is of no use to me; you are poor and weary, take it and go rejoicing." To prove his penitence, he quotes a long string of moral verses, and, the covetousness of the traveller having prevailed over his prudence, he makes a step or two towards it; and sinks half way in the marsh. "Ah, my poor fellow!" cries the old hypocrite, "you've slipped, I see; never mind, I'll help you out." And so he does, forsooth, and makes a very nice meal off him afterwards. Thus covetousness brings its own reward.—*Hindoo Fables.*

SUMMER DYING.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Beauty is waning, a voice of complaining
Comes from the hill-side and dell;
Dirge-notes are ringing, and crickets are singing
To summer a song of farewell!
Day brightly closes, but where are the roses
Jane wreathed with her tresses of gold?
Soft winds are sighing, where darkly are lying
Their rain-beaten leaves on the mould.

Sadness came o'er me, for barren before me
Lie fields that I loved when a boy:
No more to the shadows of oaks on the meadows
Stout mowers their nooning enjoy.
The stubble how lonely! weeds shooting up only
Where grain clothed the generous soil,
And reapers were swinging their cradles, and singing
Till he strains to enliven the toil.

Cattle are wading where willows are shading
The low shallow bed of the stream;
Thistle down floating, is sadly denoting,
That summer will pass like a dream.
The harvest moon, sailing through mist, is unveiling
Her disk like a blood-painted shield,
While schoolboy and maiden, their baskets fruit laden,
Hie home from the blackberry field.

Dark swells of ocean, with long measured motion,
Moan as they break on the shore;
Airy tongues wailing for Beauty's cheek pailing
Chime with the desolate roar.
Stars have grown dimmer, less dazzling the glimmer
Of fire-fly lamps on the lawn;
Flower-cups unfolding, are honey-drops holding,
But light from the landscape is gone.

Thrushed on the thistle, the bobolink's whistle
Made cheerful the meadows of June;
Mead larks saluting the morn with their suiting,
Replied to his rapturous tune.
Hoarse crows are calling, and first leaves are falling,
But still a mild loveliness reigns;
A sweet haunting sadness, though vanished a gladness
And glory from nature, remains.

A CHARMED LIFE.

Of Dr. Robinson, the Free State leader and Governor in Kansas, his wife, a daughter of the Hon. Myron Laurence, of Belchertown, Mass., tells the following anecdotes:—

"I will merely state further some incidents, showing how, amid dangers, he has seemed to bear a charmed life. In the days when farmers had their apples made into cider, and my husband was a child of four or five years, he went with his father to the mill. The cart was pushed back against a wall, the barrels, several in number, were loaded upon it, leaving only room for the youngsters on the back end of the cart. As the horses started for home, something about the cart broke, letting it tip down behind, and the barrels rolled backwards. The father expected to find the little fellow crushed beneath them; but as the cart tipped, the lower barrel rested partly upon the wall and partly upon the cart, leaving just room enough for him to lie uninjured beneath it. Being of active temperament, a few years later found him scaling the high ladders and tallest trees on the premises. One day, however, he made a sad misstep on the high beam in the barn, and a sudden plunge upon the floor. His parents again found him with sound body, and stunned for the moment only. Years after, when he was studying his profession, most severe sickness came upon him in the form of erysipelas. An experienced physician, in whose house he boarded, was also very ill with the same disease. Many physicians proffered their services to both. The old physician died, but the young student refused to take the mercury ordered in his case, and recovered, notwithstanding the many fears of his friends. In crossing the Platte River, on his route overland to California, death looked him in the face. The Platte is very swift water, and drowning among the emigrants was very frequent. Never had any one been known to regain the shore who had been drawn into its swiftest current. Doctor R. was at that time travelling with two other men, and, as usual, he went into the water first to find the ford. He found the water too deep at the first trial; then went in a fourth of a mile above; that also being too deep, he attempted to turn about to regain the shore. 'Old Charley,' his favorite horse, struggled to reach it, but Dr. R. was unseated, and for a time kept himself from sinking by holding on to the pommel of the saddle. The plunges of the horse, however, were so great that at length he was obliged to loosen his hold. The horse reached the shore, and Dr. R., by extraordinary exertions, gained an island in the middle of the river, and a quarter of a mile below where he went into it. 'Old Charley,' seeing his struggles in the water, gave a loud neigh upon the shore and struck out after him. He reached the island a few moments after Dr. R., and as he lay exhausted on the bank, the horse stood with his head down over him, and waited until he was ready to ride him to the further shore. 'Old Charley' was afterwards killed in the riot at Sacramento. About two weeks after Dr. R.'s arrival in California he was taken very ill. His sickness increased, until the few friends who ministered to his failing wants gathered around his hammock to watch the parting spirit. Physicians said he could live only an hour, and to him death seemed near; 'one moment more,' he wrote, 'and I thought my spirit would be free, and I would see you all in dear New England.' He refused the further aid of physicians and soon began to rally. When he was shot afterwards in Sacramento, twelve physicians said there was no hope of life. There was no pulse at the wrist. The Coroner even came, and with excuses for the haste on the ground of great press of business, took his age and place of residence in the States. The 14th of August, 1850, was the day when the Mayor and Sheriff of Sacramento made the attack upon fourteen settlers, and Dr. R. received a bullet in his body an inch and a half below his heart. It lodged against the spine and was afterwards taken out. When he rallied a little he was taken on a cot-bed to the prison-ship lying one-fourth of a mile out upon the river. Without blanket, notwithstanding the coolness of the nights, he was put into the hull of the ship and locked in without attendant or even a cup of water. His door was not opened until nine o'clock the next day, ample time being thus given for him to die alone. When, however, his keeper looked in, although he had suffered severely from his wound and the cold, he was feeling sure of his recovery. After taking his seat in the Assembly, most prostrating sickness came again, producing such a change in his appearance, that in a week's time his most familiar friends afterwards said they had not the faintest hope of his recovery. On the night of the 4th of July, 1851, two days out from San Francisco, he was wrecked on a barren, sandy coast. The rocks were very high and leaned over the water, being worn by the constant dashing of the heavy surf; but just opposite the wreck a little ravine ran down to the shore, and by lashing themselves in the small boats the passengers and crew were borne out to it on the rolling surf. There was not a tree or green thing anywhere, only sand-hills, and no sign of human life. A fortnight passed away and they knew not where they were—whether on an island or on the mainland—when a party of Spaniards came in sight and seemed so like good angels to them, that with their loud shouts they at first frightened them. They found from them they were forty miles below San Diego, and by going there they took another steamer homewards."

"Dr. Robinson," says another authority, "in the time of danger is cool and daring, and has eminently the facility of attaching to his person the people who surround him. In person, he is about six feet high, slightly stooping in the shoulders, and of a retiring manner. His forehead is high and broad, and within a few years has become bald. His most remarkable feature is his eye, which when at rest is blue and soft, yet firm with determination and fire when excited. His great characteristics are sound judgment and caution, combined with indomitable courage and patience."

ONE OF THE DINNERS.

"Do you like horse?"
"How do you mean?"
"I mean the flesh of that animal."
"Why, really, I have never eaten any."
"Would you like to taste it?"
"Is it good?"
"Excellent! Allow yourself to be tempted."
"When and where do you eat horse flesh?"
"At my house—Saturday evening, at six o'clock, soup, soup meat, and roast are from horse; what do you say?"
"I accept."

Such was the conversation which, on Tuesday, after the meeting of the Academy of Medicine, took place between M. Renault, the skillful and scientific director of the Imperial Veterinary School at Alfort, and myself.

I confess that from Tuesday to Saturday it was necessary to screw up my courage. But why should we not eat horse? Why should the flesh of this beautiful animal excite any more disgust than that of the ox, the sheep, or those really unclean animals, such as the hog or the duck? On how many occasions could the meat of the horse enter into the general alimentation, either as a supplement or as an accident! Beneath all this, perhaps, there may be a great question of political economy; let us, therefore, use our influence to solve it. The high price of all butcher's meat is a true public calamity; if it were possible to introduce horse meat into the general consumption—a nutritive article—would not other meats become more accessible to the masses, &c.?

By such considerations as these did I endeavor to conquer what remained of my repugnance—a repugnance instinctive in man for all aliment which he does not know, and to which he is not accustomed.

I confess that I took the further precaution to make a light breakfast, in order that the edge of hunger might make me less difficult to please. In fact, I arrived at Alfort in a most satisfactory state of appetite.

The moment for the experiment is here. But first, one word concerning the experimenters. They were, M. Renault, our Amphitryion, who was not making his *debut* in this matter, and who professes to hold in high esteem the flesh of the horse. That very morning, at breakfast, he had eaten the liver of this animal, which he declared he had found extremely good. M. Renault commenced, therefore, the experiment with the certainty of success. Professor H. Bouley, the keen and witty opponent of M. Malgaigne in the discussion on the seton—this experimenter did not appear to be as warm in his praises of the horse as his colleague: he acknowledges some slight remains of ancient prejudice: nor was this his first essay, and he did not seem to retain the most agreeable remembrance of his past experience. M. Reynal, chef de clinique, author of a very interesting work on the toxicological properties of brine, who shared openly with M. Renault's high opinion of horse flesh. M. Robinet, from the Academy of Medicine, the terrible, yet amiable, exterminator of all new and secret remedies; M. Debout, principal editor of the *Bulletin de Therapeutique*, very well disposed to go through the experiment conscientiously. M. Foubert, Chief of the Bureau of Subsistence in the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, very much interested in the question. M. Prevost, Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture, in the same department. M. Baral, the professor of chemistry, the faithful editor of the works of M. Arago—one of his friends, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten. A lady! yes—too fastidious, gentlemen—an amiable and lovely lady, who set us all an example of resolution and courage; and, finally, your humble servant.

One word on the subject of the experiment. It was an old horse, who, after twenty-three years of good and loyal services, had had the misfortune to become paralyzed in his hind quarters. He was, moreover, fat, and be it well understood, free from all suspicion of disease. He had been killed on Wednesday. The experiment was not made under the most favorable circumstances, and M. Renault remarked very truly, that the flesh of a young horse would certainly give much more satisfactory results.

The experiment commences. M. Renault has arranged matters very fairly. Side by side with the subject of experiment stands the point of comparison. Horse soup, beef soup; horse soup meat, beef soup meat; same quantity, same quality; compare, judge; nothing could be better.

Horse Soup.—General surprise! This is perfect, it is excellent, it is lucious, it is aromatic, its taste is rich, it is admirable and classical soup; its tradition of which is fading, unhappily, day by day, from our Parisian household, and which has become a myth even in our best eating houses.

Beef Soup.—Yes, it is good; but in comparison it is inferior, it is less accentuated in taste, less perfumed, less racy.

The jury unanimously declared that horse, even old horse, makes a superior soup; that it is impossible to distinguish it by taste from the richest beef soup, and no one whose attention had not been called to the subject could perceive the least difference—same color, same clearness.

Horse Soup Meat.—The flesh is browner than that of beef, dryer and tougher, otherwise no particular taste; it is the flavor of boiled beef, but not of a first quality; I have eaten better beef, and much that was inferior. To sum up the whole, it is very palatable; and the poor, who buy the worst qualities of beef or of cow, would find a sensible difference in favor of boiled horse meat. But let us remember that we have had to do with an old horse, whereas a young animal would, no doubt, have supplied a superior "bouillie."

Beef Soup Meat.—This was a magnificent tenderloin, just the right age. Evidently this is better, more juicy, more tender.

The jury acknowledge that the boiled meat of this old horse is good, exempt from any particular flavor, being easily mistaken for beef of the second and third qualities, and appears to be a wholesome and agreeable article of food.

As side dishes, some Scotch collops, and a delicate chicken, with a white sauce, occupied the attention of the guests until the roast.

Roast Horse.—This was a sirloin of the animal slightly pickled and larded. A burst of applause. Nothing could be better, finer, more tender—a sirloin of venison, which it resembles in flavor, is not superior. One member of the jury asks permission to carry off a piece. Several send up their plates for a second slice. The *gourmets* do not know yet the excellence of this morsel. I recommend it to them. It is perfect in every point. Ah, stomach, how ridiculous were your little prejudices!

The jury unanimously and enthusiastically declare that the sirloin of this old horse should rank with the most delicious meats.

M. H. Bouley feels himself conquered and convicted, and bravely confesses it.

But strict truth compels me to say that some excellent roast partridges which succeeded the roast were not absolutely overlooked by the jury, any more than the *entremets* or the nuts and fruits of the desert, which proves that the meat of the horse passes without trouble the difficult defiles of the digestive highway, a very interesting element in the discussion. For my part, remembering an aphorism both witty and true of one who perfectly understands the hygiene of the stomach, our colleague, M. L. Viron, I waited twenty-four hours before writing these lines, in order to declare that I wrote without any remorse of digestion.

To sum up—the flesh of an old horse, of 23 years of age, gave us—

A superior soup;
A good and very eatable soup meat;
And an exquisite roast.

Now is that not a very interesting experiment? Let us return to M. Renault, who investigates this subject on account of the question of political economy which it involves; he will treat it calmly and scientifically as he does everything, without exaggeration or enthusiasm. Can we not already foresee a number of instances where the flesh of the horse, which to day is turned over to the soap boiler, might be usefully employed as aliment? A vigorous young horse breaks his legs, dies of apoplexy, of colic, or of any other accident; why not, since his flesh is good, healthy, agreeable and nourishing, let this animal enter into the general consumption? No doubt a stricter inspection would be necessary than for any other animal, for the horse is subject to a dreadful disease, one that is transmissable to man. It is true that M. Renault affirms that the cooked meat of a diseased horse loses all contagious qualities, and he is willing to prove it on himself. But then what danger for the butchers, the skinners, and even our own cooks.

But beyond these conditions of disease can we not foresee a period, and that not far distant perhaps, when the flesh of the horse shall be looked upon as a precious *reserve* in the great question of general alimentation? Already at Bruxelles there is a very well patronised butcher shop for horse meat. One has been established for some time at Bavaria, another in Saxony, &c., &c. Even here at home, at Alfort, those who live near the school, since they have tasted horse meat, every time that a horse is killed and that the director of the school has given it as his opinion that the flesh is fit for food, the neighbors, I say, hasten to secure a piece, and of the animal of which I yesterday had my share, not one particle remains. And really I declare that they are not to be pitied who have consumed him. Has it not often happened in the rough chances of war, that an army in want of provisions has been obliged to kill and eat their horses? A dire extremity without doubt, but one which in a hygienic point of view has no serious consequence, and that is the essential point for the time being.

It is doubtful, however, as long as there are beeves, cows and sheep, whether the flesh of the horse will become an element of general consumption. The horse is too useful to man, he is too much his friend, companion, his fellow-laborer, his intelligent friend, for him to be taken from his natural calling and turned into a simple stall-fed animal. It will be probably only by accident or necessity that he can become food for man. But even those necessities are common enough to claim the attention of the public economist.

Whatever may happen, I must thank M. Renault for having dissipated a prejudice, silenced a repugnance, and taught me this new fact, that—

Horse flesh is good, wholesome, and agreeable.

L'Union Medicale. AMEDEE LATOUR.

THE SUN AT HOME.

If we be blithe and warm at heart,
If we be sound and pure within,
No sorrow shall abide with us
Longer than dwells the sin;
Though autumn fogs the landscape fold,
Though autumn tempests roam,
Our summer is not over yet—
We keep the sun *at home.*

But if our heart be void and cold,
Be sure no good will live therein,
But sorrow for the sorrow's sake,
And sin because of sin;
And aye, the dropping of the leaf,
And aye, the falling of the snow,
And aye, the barren, barren earth—
Though summer winds do blow. J. P.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

The Belgian Law of Divorce.—Some few years since, a young Belgian lady, fresh from her convent education, appeared in society, captivated a young fellow-countryman with well-oiled hair and patent leather boots, and after an acquaintance of a few weeks married him. The happy pair sojourned, as is often the custom abroad, with the father and mother of the lady. The young wife was a gay lady, and her husband was quite as gay a lord. At every ball and party in the capital they were present; and, as married ladies are especially selected by continental gentlemen for what they call "adoration," the young wife, although she got no more of it than she liked, was honored with considerable more than pleased her husband. The latter remonstrated—the lady rebelled—and "my wife's mother," *ut solent matrona*, supported her daughter. The husband settled the matter by putting on his hat and retiring to his own paternal mansion. The marital feud was now intense; the conjugal couple were only of the same mind touching one single subject—application to the tribunals for divorce. This was done; but the Belgian law will allow of no such annulling of marriage contract until the angry parties have renewed their demand for a divorce once every year for three years. Our young couple nourished their wrath during this triennial period of probation—thrice made the demand—and were duly summoned last year to hear consent given that they who had been one should henceforth and forever remain two. From different sides of the court the married pair witnessed the untying of the knot; and, when they were free, they passed out at the common portal into the public street. Approximation fired friendship, and the gentleman offered his hand to the lady in token that there was no longer malice between them. Friendship had no sooner lit his torch than he illumined the slumbering cinders of the chilled altar of love; and the young couple walked together to their first married home, whence the husband has never since permanently departed.

Overworking the Brain.—An intelligent writer in one of our large cities gives a note of warning which many, in the present excitement and rush of our country, would do well to heed. "In one of our lunatic asylums," he says, "there are now several gentlemen, all of whom were one year ago in full health and active business, and in each of these cases mental aberration is traceable directly to overworking the brain. They are men of wealth and social eminence, and, until their sad affliction, were distinguished for usefulness in the church and the community. But to these we must add perhaps thousands of cases in which premature old age, or permanent ill-health, and mental imbecility, have arisen from similar causes. Paralysis, apoplexy, softening of the brain, and spinal affections, with kindred diseases, are striking down our scholars, jurists, physicians, professors, and clergymen with fearful frequency. In our great cities, business is pushed to the highest point of human endurance. The weight of public duties, and the extraordinary calls upon our clergy, would be enough to crush a race of giants. And upon this latter class the burden is the heavier because they live in almost constant violation of that law of nature and of God, which requires a stated weekly rest. *The ministry can scarcely be said to keep a Sabbath;* for to them the regular Sabbath is the most busy and trying day in the week, and they are rarely known to make the Monday a day of rest, as they should."

Case of Green Color of the Hair.—M. Stanislas Martin has published in the "Bulletin de Therapeutique," Paris, the curious case of a worker in metals who has wrought in copper only for five months, and whose hair, which was lately white, is now of so decided a green, that the poor man cannot appear in the street without immediately becoming the object of general curiosity. He is perfectly well, his hair alone is affected by the copper, notwithstanding the precaution he takes to protect it from the action of the metal.

Chemical analysis has proved that his hair contains a notable quantity of acetate of copper and that it is to this circumstance that it owes its beautiful green color, which is most singular and remarkable.

An Arab Story.—A certain priest named Aaa Shedoody, whose father's name was Daood Shedoody, and whose grandfather was called Habeeb el Hakeet of Shemlen, was famous for his gluttony, as priest are apt to be. One day, being in appetite as usual he came upon a poor peasant woman, who was baking bread at an out-of door oven by the wayside

"God bless your morning, daughter," said the holy and hungry man, stopping short at the sight of the thin, fresh loaves.

"May He prosper your morning, good father," replied the woman. "Honor the baking. Please eat some hot bread."

"God increase your bounty, daughter," mumbled the priest, with his mouth full. And, as the last morsel went down his throat, he added, "The bread is good."

"God make you always pleased with us," said the flattered woman. "Take another loaf."

"A blessing on your hands, daughter!" ejaculated the good man, finishing the second loaf, and reaching for a third one.

"*Your* hands be blessed, father! I am glad you have come to-day," said the alarmed housekeeper, as she saw her family stores disappear to rapidly into the capacious stomach of her spiritual shepherd. And so eating and complaiment sat cheek-by-jowl until the priest had swallowed the whole baking, except a single loaf. He then rose, excusing himself from eating any more by reason of an engagement. "But," said the woman, "your reverence will bless the baking before you go?"

"Certainly, daughter." (Here Sheikh Nasif cocks his turban.) "Oh! Thou who didst multiply the few small loaves until thousands were satiated and baskets of fragments remained—"

"Lucky for Him you were not there, good father!" burst in the indignant woman. "You would have put Him to the blush for want of sufficient provisions."—*Oriental Acquaintance.*

German Supernaturalism.—In the new collection of German Legends by Ferdinand Bassler, occurs the subjoined story:—A certain queen lay dead in her bed of state, in a room hung with black. At night the room was lighted with wax tapers, and a captain, with nine-and-forty men, was stationed on guard in an ante-chamber. Towards midnight, the captain hearing a coach-and-six draw up to the castle, went down to meet it, when he was met by a lady of noble appearance, clad in mourning, who asked his permission to remain a short time by the dead body. He objected, that it was not in his power to grant her request; but she called herself by a familiar name, and argued that, as the late Queen's *gouvernante*, she had a right to see her before she was buried. He wavered for some time, but she became so urgent, that he could excuse himself no longer. He therefore led her into the room, and having closed the door upon her, walked up and down outside. After a while he stopped, listened, and peeped through the key-hole, when, lo! he beheld the dead queen sitting upright, and whispering to the lady, with her eyes closed, and without any sign of life beyond a slight movement of the lips. He ordered the soldiers to peep, one after the other, and all of them saw the same thing. When he himself returned to the key hole the dead queen was slowly resuming her former position on the state bed. Soon afterwards the lady came out of the room, and was conducted down stairs by the captain, who felt, while he led her to the carriage, that her hand was as cold as ice. The coach went on as fast as it had come, and the captain perceived that the horses breathed fire in the distance. On the following morning news arrived that the *gouvernante*, who lived at a country-house several miles off, had died at the very hour at which she had sat by the dead body.

A Mississippi Steam-Boat.—There is a good reason why it is built with so little depth of hold. It is to allow the boats to pass the shoal water in many parts of the river, and particularly during the season of drought. For such purpose, the lighter the draught the greater the advantage; and a Mississippi captain, boasting of the capacity of his boat in this respect, declared, that all he wanted was a heavy dew upon the grass to enable him to propel her across the prairies! If there is little of a Mississippi steam-boat under the water, the reverse is true of what may be seen above its surface. Fancy a two-story house, some two hundred feet in length, built of plank, and painted to the whiteness of snow; fancy along the upper story a row of green-latticed windows, thickly set, and opening out upon a narrow balcony; fancy a flattened or slightly rounded roof, covered with tarred canvas, and in the centre a range of skylights, like glass forcing-pits; fancy, towering above all, two enormous black cylinders of sheet iron, each ten feet in diameter, and nearly ten times as high, the funnels of the boat; a small cylinder on one side, the 'scape-pipe; a tall flagstaff standing up from the extreme end of the prow, with the "star-spangled banner" flying from its peak—fancy these, and you may form some idea of the characteristic features of a steamboat on the Mississippi.—*Captain Mayne Reid's Quadroon.*

Spoiling the Marriage Ceremony.—The following statement is no jest, but a positive fact:—A young man, in business in Liverpool, led his blushing bride to the altar in the Old Church of that town; and when the question was asked, "Wilt thou love and cherish," &c., he answered as is customary, and added, "When she needed, he'd hang her." The girl immediately stopped the clergyman, and asked if it was too late to retract. On being told that it was not, she turned upon her heel, and quietly walked out of the church, saying that, "A man who could say what he had said, at such a moment, in jest, was most likely to put his threats into execution," and bade him choose another mate.—*Manchester Paper.*

Bravery of Sailors.—The author of The Camp and the Cutter relates the following anecdote of a sailor's indifference to danger:—"The sailors, having been relieved from duty, had filled their pipes with tobacco, and were looking about for a light, when just at the moment a burning shell fell amongst them; many of the men threw themselves upon the ground; but one, more fearless, exclaimed, 'Hurrah, my hearties! Providence is with us! here's a light!' and running over towards it, he went on his hands and knees, and coolly lit his pipe from the fizzing fusee of this engine of death! Indeed, Providence was with him, for the fusee burnt itself out, and the shell did not explode!"

Fans.—Fans are said to have been used by the most ancient nations, of whom we have records. Stowe says of their introduction into modern communities: "The modern custom among ladies was borrowed from the east. Fans, together with muffs, masks and false hair, were first devised by the harlots in Italy, and were brought to England from France."

Agriculture.—For in all things whatever, the mind is the most valuable and the most important; and in this scale the whole of Agriculture is in a natural and just order; the beast is an informing principle to the plough and cart, the labor is as reason to the beast, and the farmer is as a thinking and presiding principle to the laborer.—*Burke.*

Peter the Great an Editor.—The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703, and Peter the Great was its senior editor. The imperial autocrat not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from the sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

Quarter.—The phrase "giving quarter" originates from an agreement between the Dutch and the Spaniards, and the ransom of an officer or soldier should be the quarter of his pay. Hence, to beg quarter was to offer a quarter of their pay for their safety; and to refuse quarter was not to accept that composition as a ransom.

CORNFIELDS.

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought
The fair white thistle-down,
Oh then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes
The piled up stacks of corn,
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest fields of yore.

I feel the day—I see the field,
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his sons
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabite so fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight,
God's living gift unto
The kind, good Shunamite;
The mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lads bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills;
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see;
And the dear Saviour takes his way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

Oh golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled up sheaves,
To me are like a dream.
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there.

Pictures of Life.

THE FLYING SUPPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JOHN SMITH, OF IND.

I have always had a horror of "flying suppers," as I once heard them called. Certain ladies of my acquaintance, for economy's sake, to be in the fashion, or to save trouble, always hand round their suppers, when they invite company to tea, instead of setting out a table like christian people, and giving their guests a safe place for their plates, cups and saucers. I make it a point, when invited by them, never to go to tea; for refreshments taken after the fashion alluded to, never refresh me in either body or spirit.

I am very awkward no doubt. A poor sort of a fellow if I can't hold a plate, cup and saucer, eat my sandwich, and manage my fork at the same time. Well, I wont deny all this. It is very true that I never took lessons in sleight of hand—that I am no disciple of the Fakir of Ava, or Signor Blitz. In consequence, I have a Christian dislike to flying suppers, and would go without eating for a week rather than be inveigled into one of these fashionable tea-parties. But, careful as I am to avoid all such affairs, I am "caught," as they say, once in a while, and, on such occasions, generally caught in a scrape at the same time.

Not long since, I met a few friends at the house of a lady for whom I have a great esteem.

"I want you to come to tea," said the lady on tendering, verbally, her invitation for me to spend a social evening at her house. "Miss R——— is to be there; and I know she is one of your favorites."

"If I am not there to tea, I will come in soon after," I replied.

"You must be there to tea," said the lady, positively. "Don't forget that."

"Very well. Let it be to tea, then," was my reply.

Mrs. G——— being a sensible woman, I felt very well satisfied that she would provide a table as well as food for her guests. In fact, having frequently taken tea at her house, I knew this to be the custom, and my mind was, therefore, at rest on the subject.

Miss R———, as had been rightly affirmed, was one of my favorites, and, if the truth were told, rather more than a favorite. Though scarcely acknowledged to myself, I was unconcerned to appear well in her eyes, and, in meeting her at Mrs. G———'s, I promised myself no little pleasure.

That I might not appear unfashionable, I went, on the evening referred to, as late as I thought the rules of good breeding required, and found, on my arrival, all the other guests assembled, and Mrs. G——— waiting my arrival to order up tea.

Conscious that I had shot a little over the mark in my efforts to come just at the right time, I felt slightly confused. The only vacant seat in the room was beside Miss R———, and into this I ensconced myself, with the blood rather warmer on my cheeks and forehead than was conducive to comfort.

I had conquered, to some extent, the embarrassment felt on entering, and was beginning to glide along more pleasantly than at first in the conversation I had begun with Miss R———; (momentarily expecting to hear the tea bell), when, to my utter dismay, the door opened and in came a couple of waiters, one bringing hot coffee and tea, and the other bearing in oysters, bread and butter, rolls, etc. Involuntarily I turned to see if there were a table near me; but no such welcome article was at hand. I felt a tremor run through my nerves, and could perceive the muscles of my hands and fingers growing weak and unsteady. In imagination I took a cup of hot coffee in one hand, and a plate of hot oysters in the other, and in imagination let them fall from my trembling hands. The blood grew warmer in my face. Silence sealed my lips the moment the waiter appeared—and there was the pressure as of something heavy on my breast. I strove hard to rise above this feeling. I called it weak and unmanly. But all would not do.

One after another was helped, and momentarily the distance between myself and the supper lessened. At last the waiters were before Miss R———, and, as in duty bound, I must do the amiable for her.

"Will you have tea or coffee?" I asked, with an attempt at a smile, which must have struck her as rather curious.

"Tea, if you please," she replied blandly, and with the utmost composure.

"Do you use cream and sugar?" I further inquired.

"Cream—but not sugar," was smilingly answered.

My hand shook desperately as I lifted the cream-jug. At the first effort I succeeded in pouring about half a gill of the contents over the edge and down the side of the cup into the saucer. My second attempt was more successful. The cream went into the tea this time, but in so liberal a quantity as to overrun the cup! I did not venture to lift the tea from the tray and hand it to my fair companion. I was certain that if I made the effort to do so, I would inevitably drop it into her lap. And I preferred resting under the charge of a slight want of attention, rather than run the risk of such an accident.

"Shall I help you to some oysters?" I next asked.

"If you please," said the lady.

With as much nerve as it was possible for me to command under the circumstances, I took a plate in the tray, and commenced lading out the smoking oysters.

"Quite a plenty," said the lady, earnestly, seeing that I was about running the plate over.

Until she spoke, I was not really aware that the portion I was serving out to her, was about double what a delicate lady, especially in company, would wish to receive.

"Pardon me," I said in some confusion; "I will fill another plate for you?"

And so I did; but with a more reasonable quantity. Luckily I was able to convey the dish of oysters to the lady's hand without spilling the liquor upon her dress.

After she was fully helped my turn came, and there was the brimming plate of oysters before me, which, as I had filled, I could not let pass me. As for an appetite, Heaven knows I had none! I felt a choking sensation about the throat at the bare thought of swallowing anything. But, to pass the trays was out of the question. I must take my supper with the rest. So there was no help for me but to run the gauntlet, and take the consequences.

With more steadiness of nerve than I thought I could command, did I put sugar and cream into a cup of steaming coffee, and lift it from the tray. That, however, was mere plain sailing to what was to follow. My handkerchief was in my pocket, and it was now too late to draw it from its receptacle.

Holding my cup of coffee in one hand, with the other I took hold of the brimming plate of oysters I had filled for Miss R———, and, as steadily as I could do so, removed it from the possession of the waiter, who, seeing me with both hands full, and, judging, doubtless, by my attitude and manner that I was not prepared to take bread or anything else that was on his tray, passed to my next neighbor.

I glanced at Miss R———, who, with her plate of oysters on her lap, and her cup and saucer balanced dexterously on the ends of the thumb and fingers of her left hand, was sipping the refreshing beverage to which she had been served with as much ease and unconcern as if she were sitting at a tea table. But how could *I* balance a plate, full to the brim of stewed oysters, upon my knees! and this without even the aid of a pocket-handkerchief? So sure as I attempted to execute a balancing feat like this, so sure was I to pour the greasy liquid in which the oysters were floating over my pantaloons, and perhaps over the carpet.

The balancing of my cup and saucer was a scarcely less difficult matter; but in attempting this, I saw that I would have the advantage. If the coffee were spilled, it would be caught in the saucer. I therefore determined to give my cup and saucer a temporary resting place upon my knees, while I transferred a portion of the oysters from the plate to my mouth, and by this process diminish the danger of spilling them on the floor.

Turning my toes slightly inward, so as to be able to brace my knees more firmly together, I made as level a platform as I could for my cup and saucer, and then gently placed them thereon. It was some moments before I ventured to withdraw my fingers from the oscillating china. At last, however, I ventured to do so, for I was conscious that the eyes of Miss R——— were on me, and, above all things, I did not wish to appear awkward in her eyes.

I had achieved this much. The cup and saucer remained accurately balanced. With one hand I was now grasping firmly the plate of oysters, and with the other was removing them as fast as possible, when Mr. G——— came across the room, and passing before me, said,

"Why, Mr. Smith, you have nothing but coffee and oysters! Won't you have a sandwich? or some bread and butter?"

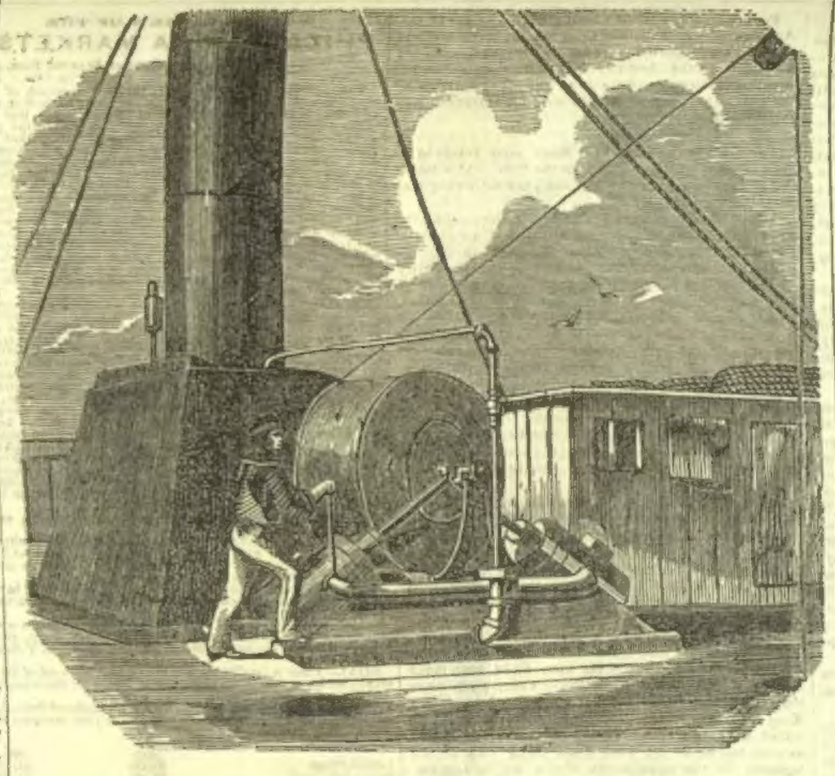
"Oh, no; no more, I thank you," I was stammering out, when my cup and saucer lost their equilibrium, and away they went on the side towards Miss R———, the contents dashing over her beautiful dress, and instantly ruining it. In the confusion and distress occasioned by this unlucky occurrence, I spilled about half the oysters, or rather, the liquor in which they were contained, over my pantaloons, spoiling and disfiguring them also.

Miss R——— instantly retired from the room, and so did I. She went up into the chambers, and I——— went out of the front door. I have never met her since.

As for these flying suppers, I enter against them my solemn protest. The custom is a most barbarous one. It is not founded in true hospitality; and is, at least, only an expedient in the hostess to save trouble. As far as I am concerned, I do solemnly affirm, that if ever I find myself caught again in an affair of this kind, I will not, no, I will not stay caught! but, view the matter as an offence against real good breeding, and———instantly retire! On this head I am resolved, and I now publicly announce it. As for my friends, they must govern themselves accordingly. I have said my say, and there all ends as far as I am concerned.

GAIT AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER.—Observing persons move slow—their heads move alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn round. Careful persons lift their feet high, and place them down flat and firm. Sometimes they stoop down, pick up some little obstruction, and place it quietly by the side of the way. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets, and their heads slightly inclined. Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed. Timid persons often step off from the side-walk on meeting another, and always go round a stone, instead of stepping over it. Wide awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing to their arms, while their hands shake about miscellaneously. Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes. Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk and then on the other. Very strong minded persons have their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of stamp movement. Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns. Venturous persons try all roads, frequently climb the fences instead of going through the gate, and never let down a bar. One-idea persons and very selfish ones "toe in." Cross persons are apt to hit their knees together. Good-natured persons snap their thumb and finger every few steps. Fun-loving persons have a kind of a jig movement. Absent minded persons often take the wrong road, and sometimes find themselves up to their knees in a mud-puddle, although the side-walks are excellent. Dignified men move slow and erect. Fast persons cut across the corner, kick every dog they meet, knock down the little children, run against the ladies, and hit every twelfth man's ribs with their elbows. Very neat men occasionally stop to wipe the dust from their boots—their hands hang by their sides. Very polite persons are sometimes seen bowing in their course to black servant girls and black stumps.

ORIGIN OF A NAME.—The father of Return J. Meigs was born at Middletown, in Connecticut. For some time prior to settlement in life, he addressed a fair Quakeress at Middlefield, some few miles from his father's residence, and found much difficulty in obtaining her hand. She repeatedly answered his protestations of fidelity and attachment with, "Nay, Jonathan, I respect thee much, but cannot marry thee, for 'better is a dinner of herbs and contentment, than a stalled ox and contention therewith.'" Mr. Meigs finally told Ruth that he was paying his last visit as a lover, and should strive to form an alliance with another family, and would therefore bid her *farewell*. The kind and lengthened word, pronounced with so much softness, fell upon her heart with healing in its tone, and as he mounted his horse to ride off, the Quakeress, relenting, beckoned him to stop, exclaiming, "*Return, Jonathan! Return, Jonathan!*" Mr. Meigs went back, and fixed on a day for the celebration of the nuptials. The first fruit of the union was a son, which the father, in commemoration of the happiest words he ever heard spoken, had him baptised *Return Jonathan*, who rose to distinction, and subsequently to the office of Postmaster General of the United States.—*Akron Democracy.*



THE RECENT SOUNDINGS FOR THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

DONE FOR.

A FRONTIER BALLAD.

A week ago to-day, when red-haired Sally
Down to the sugar-bush came to see me,
I saw her checked frock coming down the valley,
Far as anybody's eyes could see.
Now I sit before the camp fire,
And I can't see the pine knots blaze—
Nor Sally's pretty face a shining,
Though I hear the good words she says.

A week ago to-night I was tired and lonely—
Sally had gone back to Mason's fort;
And the boys by the sugar kettles left me only—
They were hunting coons for sport.
But there snaked a painted Pawnee,
I lay asleep before the fire—
He greased my two eyes with his ha'chet,
And scalped me to his heart's desire!

There they found me on the dry tussocks lying,
Bloody and cold as a live man could be;
A hoot-owl on the branches overhead was crying,
Crying, Murder to the red Pawnee.
They brought me in to the camp-fire,
They washed me in the sweet white spring—
But my eyes were full of flashes,
And all night my ears would sing

I thought I was a hunter on the prairie,
But they saved me for an old blind dog;
When the hunting grounds are cool and airy,
I shall lie here like a helpless log.
I can't ride the little wiry pony,
That scrambles over hills high and low;
I can't set my traps for the cony,
Or bring down the black buffalo!

I'm no better than a rusty bursted rifle,
And I don't see signs of any other trail;
Here by the camp-fire blaze I lie and slide,
And hear Jim fill the kettles with his pail.
It's no use groaning I like Sally,
But a Digger squaw would'nt have me!
I wish they'd never found me in the valley,
It's twice dead not to see! —*Putnam's Monthly*

THE POETRY OF THE ASPARAGUS.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

The delicate Asparagus, with its pretty Greek name, (*Asparagos*, a young shoot not yet opened into leaf.) is there not much beauty in a bed of asparagus run to seed? The tall, slender, feathery, green sprays, with their shining, bead-like berries, have an air of great elegance, especially when begemmed by the morning dew. Asparagus was first cultivated in England about 1662. Some species of the wild asparagus are still found in Wales, in the Isle of Portland, and near Bristol. Tavernier mentions having found some enormous asparagus on the banks of the Euphrates; and Pliny mentions asparagus cultivated at Ravenna, three of which would weigh a pound.

Asparagus is an especial favorite with our Gallic neighbors. Of the French philosopher, Fontenelle, an anecdote is related, which shows how completely *his gourmandise* could conquer all natural emotions of the mind!

One day, a brother literati, with whom he had lived in habits of friendship for many years, came to dine with him. The principal part of the meal was to consist of asparagus, of which both host and guest were extremely fond, but they differed in their tastes as to the mode of dressing it; the latter preferred it with butter, the former with oil. After some discussion, they came to a compromise; the cook was ordered to make two equal divisions, and to dress one share with oil, and the other with butter. This knotty point being settled, the friends entered into some literary conversation. In the height of their discourse, the guest fell from his chair, suddenly struck with apoplexy. Fontenelle hastily summoned all necessary assistance, but in vain; for, despite of every exertion to restore him, the invalid expired. What where the reflections of our French philosopher on this abrupt and melancholy termination of a long-standing friendship? Awe? Sorrow? Religious aspirations? No! but a happy recollection that now his own taste could be fully gratified, without the necessity of any deference to that of another. He left the corpse, and, running to the head of the stairs, called out to his cook—"Dress it all with oil—all with oil!" "*Tout a l'huile—tout a l'huile!*" It is not surprising that a man so exempt from the wear and tear of human emotions as Fontenelle, lived to be upwards of ninety-nine years of age. He was for forty years Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and died in 1756.

Wild asparagus was held in reverence by the Lexides, a colony in Caria, in remembrance of their ancestress, Perigone. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a robber of gigantic stature, dwelling in the Peloponnesus, who was surnamed the Pine bender, from the species of cruelty he practiced on all whom he defeated. He used to bend down two pine trees till they met; then he tied a leg and an arm of the captive to each tree, and suddenly letting the pines fly back to their natural position, the unfortunate victim was torn asunder. This monster was conquered by Theseus, and put to death in his own manner. On his defeat, his young daughter, Perigone, fled and hid herself amid a brake of wild asparagus, praying the plants, in childish simplicity, to conceal her, and promising never to root them up, or burn them. She lay among them so well sheltered, that she escaped discovery by Theseus, till she was induced by the conciliatory tone in which he called upon her in his researches, to come forward to him. He subsequently married her, and their grandson, Ionus, founded in Caria, a colony, who kept in memory the pledge of Perigone to the plants that had given her refuge.

The wild asparagus being full of prickles, yet agreeable and wholesome to eat, its sprays were used by the Bœotians as wedding-garlands, to signify to the bride, that as she had given her lover trouble in wooing her, so she ought to recompense him by the pleasantness of her manners in wedded life.

KYD'S LAST VISIT,

A TRADITION OF EASTERN NEW YORK

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AMOS SHURPLEFF.

It was a wild October night, in the autumn of 1699, the storm-clouds scudded across the sky, almost totally obscuring the light of the young moon, and the wind swept its adlying gusts through the forest gorges, and sobbed mournfully around the old manor-house of Cooyman, situated on the rocky shore of the Hudson, some ten miles below Albany. All was hushed in the mansion, and the night darkness brooded heavily over it, save when, from a single window, a light gleamed dazzlingly, throwing a broad, glittering belt along the gravelled garden-walk. In the room, whence shone this beacon light, sat a lady yet in the prime of life, magnificently attired in the costume of that period.

The room itself was elegantly furnished, and the richly carved walnut and damask of finest texture bespoke the wealth and taste of the owner. Upon her lap lay an open volume bound in vellum, and heavily adorned with silver, the leaves of which she turned listlessly, and as she glanced into the surrounding darkness a shadow swept across her brow, and she murmured to herself,

"No, he will not come to-night, some accident must have befallen him. I will"—but even as she spoke there came the sound of hasty steps along the walk, a man sprang lightly up the steps, and the knocker was applied with vigorous strokes to the oaken door; springing from her seat she obeyed the summons, removed the heavy bar, drew the bolt, threw open the door, and admitted the visitor. Her warm greeting was responded to with a

"Yes, yes, Margery, all in good time; but I've tired, tired you with waiting for me, haven't I?" and without pausing for a reply, he continued as he laid his sword and pistols on the table, "I would have been in better season, but the hounds were on my track, and I cared not to be overhauled with my precious cargo." The speaker and the lady he addressed were singularly alike in form and feature. He was clothed in a tunic of red silk, with blue small clothes, and black morocco boots, with a broad, red fold of the same material falling nearly to the instep. His hair, that rivalled the raven's wing in blackness, clustered in luxuriant curls around his neck and shoulders, and his face, bronzed by the sun of southern climes, and embellished by beard and mustache, wore a reckless expression that was heightened by the changing light in the dark gleaming eye that had struck terror to many a beholder. For this was none other than the dreaded Rover, Robert Kyd, the lady his sister, the Madame Coeymans.

As he ceased speaking, he folded his arms across his broad chest, and gazed moodily into the fire.

As his sister watched him, her countenance expressed the greatest emotion, and going to him and laying her hand upon his shoulder she said, as her eyes filled with tears,

"Robert, could our mother have foreseen the course her son would follow, how think you she would have felt?"

At mention of his mother a tear for a moment dimmed the dark eye of the Rover, but dashing it aside as if ashamed of the weakness displayed, he answered with a light laugh,

"Why, Margery, you believe the tale that my calumniators have forged that I am indeed a pirate, the terror of the seas; and yet there's many a coroneted head reposes to-night in old England that has shared the profits of my voyages, and have now their bloodhounds on my track, and would gladly see me die a felon's death, and leave a felon's memory; but I will foil the villains yet. I have deposited the last of my wealth beneath the soil of the manor grounds. I have burned my vessel, determined to quit the sea forever, and become an honest man. Our noble Governor, the Earl of Bellamont, has promised me his protection if I am pressed too hotly; for the rest I trust to these," and he touched his arms significantly. "But no more of this subject for the present, dear Margery, for I am very weary and hungry, too," and he threw himself wearily upon a couch, while his sister, not caring to arouse any of the domestics, left the room, whence she soon returned bearing a silver tray, on which were displayed many tempting viands, which quickly disappeared before the attacks of the Rover, who, as he finished, held high a goblet of rich old port, exclaiming as he did so, "Here's forgetfulness to the past, and a bright future to us." And quaffing off the contents, he arose, saying, "It is getting late, Margery, so I'll to bed and pleasant dreams," and he glided from the room.

The morning dawned clear and bright, and as the sun's first beams gilded the window of his room, Kyd sprang from his couch, and making a hasty toilet, he descended to join his sister in the garden. And as they wandered along the paths, and beneath the giant oaks that adorned the manor grounds, their memory went back to the merry old times in England, when they, light-hearted and innocent, passed the sunny days of childhood in joyous mirth.

Many days, says the legend, did the Rover thus abide at Coeymans, in sweet communion with the memory of his childhood's home. And when at last he left, it was with many promises of a speedy return. But, alas! for his plans of future happiness, he presented himself inadvertently in the streets of Boston, was seized, sent to England, tried and executed.

Centuries have passed, and all traces of the manor house of Coeymans have disappeared, but tradition still points out its site, and tells of an old stone house, and of a spectre in rustling silks and high-heeled shoes, that glided through its lonely halls long after the Madame Coeymans went to her grave.

☞ Mr. Pescator keeps a tavern. Visitors have only one objection to Pescator—he is too clean. Before he cuts you a piece of steak, he always licks the knife, so that it may not have any taste of ham and "them eggs."

THE RECENT SOUNDINGS FOR THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

CORK HARBOR, Sept. 1, 1856.

The marked interest evinced by the public in the details of the progress of this gigantic undertaking, coupled with the fact that an article in one of the Irish papers, containing one or two grave errors, has been copied verbatim into several of our leading journals, has induced me to send you an authorised resume of the facts.

Yours obediently,
WILDMAN WHITEHOUSE.

On application being made to the American Government they, with a most laudable zeal for the promotion of this great national work, expressed their readiness to render to the projectors of the Atlantic Telegraph every possible assistance; and the Secretary of the United States Navy, Mr. Dobbin, courteously placed at their disposal the *Arctic*, the vessel most fitted for the purpose, and a selection of officers whose known talents and experience in this particular department of nautical science leaves nothing to be desired. Lieut. Berryman, who had already once taken soundings across the Atlantic, was appointed to command this expedition, with the object of repeating and enlarging his former observations; Lieut. Strain, whose zeal and energy in command of the perilous Darien Expedition, as well as his love for, and attainments in, science, qualified him for this office; and Mr. Mitchell, as acting master, who had accompanied Lieut. Berryman on the former occasion: these, with a full complement of other officers, and men specially chosen for the purpose, have done their work nobly. All, from the highest to the lowest, have thrown their hearts fully into the work, and it has indeed been well done—even those of the seamen who should have been below, have been seen creeping from their hammocks at midnight, to watch the return of the lead, and to learn the result in some of the deepest soundings. The track thus subjected to repeated and critical survey, extends from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Valencia Bay, at the south-western extremity of Ireland, a distance of 1,640 nautical, or 1,900 statute miles.

Within these limits, on a course corresponding to the line of the great-circle sailing, soundings have been taken at intervals of about thirty miles, and in each instance (by means of quills affixed to the bottom of the sounding apparatus) a sample or specimen of the ocean bed has been obtained.

These samples are now undergoing close microscopical examination; but even the first cursory glance discloses an abundance of the most fragile forms of shell, either of recent or of fossil infusoria, so delicate, and yet so perfect, as to afford a guarantee of the entire absence of any current or movement of the water at these great depths; thus confirming in the most satisfactory manner the results of the previous soundings. Not a single rock has been met with, not a particle of gravel or sand has been brought up, but it appears as if nature had provided a bed "soft as a snowbank," to use Maury's own words, for the express purpose of receiving a telegraphic cable.

Lieut. Berryman says that he is satisfied that the lead, with the sounding apparatus, has frequently buried itself ten or fifteen feet deep in this soft material, and he doubts not that the cable will likewise sink, and imbed itself in a similar manner. The greatest depth attained has been two thousand and seventy fathoms (about two and one third miles); but perhaps the most remarkable, and at the same time the most satisfactory result, is the perfect confirmation which these soundings give of the opinion expressed by Lieut. Maury, as to the existence of a great flat or level at the bottom of the ocean, unparalleled by anything on the surface of the earth, and which he proposed to name "The Telegraph Plateau." For more than thirteen hundred miles the bed of the Atlantic, in the direct line of our track, is found by these soundings to present an almost unbroken level plain. Nature has thus placed no obstacle in the way of this great undertaking, which may not, by cautious perseverance, be overcome; nay, rather (if we except the enormous length of cable which will be required,) it would seem that the line to be followed by the Atlantic cable presents absolutely fewer engineering difficulties than the shorter route (though more complex, from the nature of the bottom) on which the Mediterranean cable must be laid.

As many of your readers may be interested in the nature of the process and mechanism by which these soundings are obtained, I will briefly describe it, inclosing you at the same time an illustrative Sketch.

The vessel being "hove to," and made to remain as stationary as possible, the lead is dropped into the water from a pulley on the fore-yard arm, and carries with it the line, which, in its descent, it rapidly unwinds from the large reel seen in the Sketch. The descent, at first very rapid, gradually diminishes in speed, in consequence, not of the enormously-increased density of the water, as is usually supposed, but of the gradually-increasing friction due to the length of line to be drawn through the water. This diminution of speed at different depths has been accurately noted by Lieut. Berryman, and is remarkably uniform. The descent in the deeper soundings usually occupied about three hours. The arrangement of the mechanism is such, that the moment the rod carrying the quills touches the bottom, the wires, which were previously supported by hooks become detached, and allow the escape of the lead; while the quills and the register, which are attached to the rod, thus relieved of its load, are more easily drawn up again. Still the process of raising, though facilitated by discarding the leaden weight (of 60 lbs. to 120 lbs.) would be tedious and laborious for human hands. There is, therefore, a small steam-engine attached to the reel, having two oscillating cylinders, whose piston-rods work direct upon a crank on the axle of the reel; by this means the raising of the apparatus occupies less time than its descent. Still it is a slow process, and, occasionally, from the occurrence of a knot or twist in the line, it has been snapped at the pulley when nearly raised, and the whole labor of the sounding, together with the apparatus and specimens, have been lost.—*London Illustrated News.*

THE ENGLISH NATION.—The glory and strength of the English nation is to know to support the truth—that is, to speak to itself and of itself. England has this in common with ancient Greece, with republican Rome. She imposes no reserve on criticism; she condemns it to no disguise; she does not reduce justice and truth to make shift by allusion. But she must know that the right to say everything, involves in it the duty of hearing everything. In herself providing her adversaries with their arguments and their evidence, she carries very little to disarm their hatred; she feels herself sufficiently strong to brave it; and, at the same time, she permits her most sincere and ardent admirers to tell her the hardest truths, with the confidence that their passing observations will injure neither the greatness of her mission, nor the solidity of her institutions.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FUN.—Sydney Smith thus mimics Sir James Mackintosh's grandiose and flowing style:—It struck me last night as I was lying in bed, that Mackintosh, if he were to write on pepper, would thus describe it:—Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit; an article rather of condiment than diet, which, dispensed lightly over the surface of food with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure, rather than affords nutrition; and by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the North, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man.

LUTHER'S LIBERALITY.

Luther's income was disproportionate to his expenses. He has often said "that he gave more out than he took in." His pay at this time amounted to but two hundred guilders, and his own family expenses to five hundred. Besides, he aided his poor relatives, and was obliged to perform many expensive journeys on business relating to the Reformation. His eminent position in society often subjected him to invitations to assume the relation of godfather, and this always levied contributions on his purse. He was also obliged to make numerous marriage presents, and almost daily to entertain strangers, which compelled him to keep a corresponding number of servants. His expenses were so great that sometimes he was embarrassed with considerable debt. He says, "I am unfit for housekeeping; I am made quite poor by the necessary support of my destitute relations and daily demands of strangers." In writing to another friend, he says, "You know that I am quite oppressed by my large domestic establishment, for through my thoughtlessness I have, during this year, made debts to the amount of more than one hundred guilders. I have pledged three silver cups at one place for fifty guilders; but the Lord, who chastises my folly, will deliver me. Hence it is that Cranach and Aurifaber will no longer take me as security, for they observe that I have an empty purse. I have given them my fourth cup for twelve guilders, which they have loaned to Harrman. But why is it that my purse is so completely exhausted—no, not quite exhausted; but why am I so deeply immersed in debt? I believe that no one will charge me with parsimony, avarice," &c. He sometimes had the honor of entertaining persons of exalted rank. Elizabeth, the sister of Christian II., King of Denmark, who had fled from her husband on account of his cruel treatment of her because she had abandoned popery, and the Duchess Ursula, of Munsterbergh, an escaped nun, had often been his guests for upwards of three months at a time, and it is no small matter for a poor man to entertain a Princess. Many monks and nuns who had escaped from convents had often imposed themselves on his hospitality, and sometimes shamefully deceived him. In 1537, he took into his house his relative and countryman, Agricola, with his wife and family, and kept them for a long time, until Luther procured a professorship for him. Luther's five children were now growing up, and their education was by no means neglected, and even the fields which his wife owned, near Wittenberg and Zoldorf, demanded no little outlay. To all this was superadded that peculiar disposition which has however characterized many great minds, which is a perfect contempt of all earthly possessions. The grounds of this he sought and found in the Bible. When with scorn he rejected all gold and dignities on condition of renouncing his faith, which his enemies made, he did right; but it must be confessed that as a father of a family he was too careless about their wants. Thus, when some one reminded him that he might, at least, lay up a little property for his family, he replied, "That I shall not do; for otherwise they will not trust to God or their own exertions, but to their money." Thus he presented all his manuscripts to the printers, who were at that time also booksellers, and when they offered him four hundred guilders annually for the privilege of printing and selling his books, he rejected the offer, and said, "I will not sell the grace of God. I have enough." Only occasionally he asked for a copy of his books as a present to a friend. He charged no fee for his lectures. "It was my intention," said he, "after I was married, to lecture for pay. But as God anticipated me, I have all my life sold no copy of my books, nor read lectures for money. And if it please God, I will carry this honor to the grave with me." When the Elector, John the Constant, in 1529, designed to honor him with a share in a productive silver mine at Schneeberg as a compliment for his translation of the Bible, he replied, "It much better becomes me to pay the amount of my share with *pater noster*, that the ores may continue productive and the product may be well applied." This he confirmed soon after, (Sept. 8, 1530,) with those words, "I have never taken a penny for my translations, and never asked it." And at another place he says, "If I did not feel such a painful concern *for His sake who died for me*, the whole world could not give me money enough to write a book or translate any portion of the Bible. *I am not willing to be rewarded by the world for my labor; the world is too poor for that!*" Melanchthon promised him one thousand guilders compensation if he would finish the translation of Æsop, begun in 1530, and dedicate it to some great personage; but Luther desired to labor exclusively for the diffusion of the Gospel, and write theological works, for which he would receive no pay. Another friend made him a present of two hundred guilders, which he generously divided among poor students. When in 1529, Bugenhagen brought him a gift of one hundred guilders from a rich gentleman, he gave Melanchthon the half of it. As early as 1520, he received a bequest of one hundred and fifty guilders from Dr. Heinrich Becke of Naumburg, and in 1521, a person named Marcus Schart presented him with fifty guilders, which he divided with his prior, Breisger. When the Elector, John the Steadfast, in 1545, ordered a tax to be levied to raise money to carry on the war against the Turks, and exempted Luther's property, the latter would not consent to it, but for the sake of the example had property to the amount of six hundred and ten guilders assessed. Many other similar instances of his remarkable disinterestedness, which, however, were not always worthy of imitation, might be mentioned. He was liberal and benevolent as even few rich men are, and hence it is that his children received no large inheritance from him. Thus on one occasion a very poor man applied to him for help. He had no money at hand, and his wife was sick; but he took the donation which had been made to his infant at its recent baptism, and gave it to the applicant. The sick wife, who soon missed the money out of the savings box, expressed her displeasure, but Luther meekly replied, "God is rich; He will provide in some other way."

At another time, a young man who had finished his studies, and was about to leave Wittenberg, made a similar request. Luther was again destitute of funds. With sincere sympathy he deplored his inability to aid the youth; but when he observed his deep distress, his eye fell on a silver cup which had been presented to him by the Elector. He looked inquiringly at his wife; her countenance seemed to reply, no! but he hastily snatched the cup and gave it to the student. The latter was much astonished, and was unwilling to take it. Catharine also, by winks and looks, intimated to her husband not to press the acceptance of it on the stranger. But Luther, with a great effort pressed the sides of the cup together and gave it to the young man, saying, "I have no use for a silver cup. Here, take it; carry it to a goldsmith, and keep all you can get for it."

Luther was indebted to the punctuality, thrift, and economy of his wife, for the small property in land, furniture, and books, which he left at his death. She has been charged with parsimony as well as with a multitude of other sins by Luther's enemies, but there is no evidence to sustain the accusation. If she was economical when her husband had no guests in his house—which was not often the case—it rather redounded to her credit, and arose from necessity. This course was pursued with his sanction. He was always temperate in his diet. Sometimes, even when he was in good health, he partook of no substantial food for four days together. At other times a little bread and a herring sufficed for a day; or, that he might study the more intensely, bread and salt constituted his meal. Of course, at other times, he lived more generously, but always within the bounds of moderation. —*Scenes in the Home of Luther.*

NEWS ITEMS.

No less than 2,500 workmen's houses are about to be built in Paris, in groups of fifty, each group forming a square, with an open space in the centre. Each house is to accommodate six families, at a rent of about $20 to each. Each group is to have a public bakehouse and bathing establishment.

A STRANGE PARTNERSHIP.—At the ball in Moscow, on the evening after the coronation ceremonies, the Empress of Russia danced with the Turkish Ambassador!

Archbishop Hughes publishes a card in the New York Courier and Enquirer, disclaiming all knowledge of Col. Fremont's religion, and saying that he is not responsible for any article which has appeared on that subject in the Freeman's Journal.

The difficulty in the Spanish Cabinet, in relation to the law *des amortizacion*, is not yet wholly settled. Another account, however, says that O'Donnell has finally succumbed to the Queen, and that the law *des amortizacion* is shelved for the present, so far as regards church property.

N. P. Willis, the poet, has, in a private letter, announced his determination to vote for Fremont.

The acting-manager—Mr. Wm. Clay—of the Mersey Steel and Iron Works, at Liverpool, and the fabricator of the great wrought-iron 13 inch-gun, says that wrought-iron crystalized by exposure to heat or carelessly burnt, "may have its fibers restored by working it under the hammer or in rolls." This is a valuable hint to workers in iron.

A teacher, writing to the Keowee Courier from Hamburg, North Carolina, says his school is composed of twenty-three persons, who are "cousins all-round." Wm. Moss, Esq., is the grandfather of all the scholars. We presume the same state of affairs does not exist anywhere else.

DECIDEDLY COOL OPERATION.—One of the workmen upon Greene's rifles at the Massachusetts Arms Company's Works, was so unfortunate, a day or two since, as to slit the thumb of his right hand up on a circular saw. Concluding, upon inspection, that the member was used up, he coolly went back to the saw, and holding the damaged thumb with his left hand, made a clean amputation of it, and then proceeded to have it dressed by a surgeon.

MILWAUKIE, Oct. 12.—The Governor has signed the bill granting the land donated to the State by Congress, to the La Crosse and Milwaukie Railroad Company.

A MAMMOTH PIG.—The mammoth pig brought from Chillicothe for exhibition during the Ohio State Fair, was two years and three months old, and weighed, on foot, 1,155 pounds. He measured nine feet in length and about the same girth.

The Chicago Times states that 3,750 buildings have been erected in that city since the first of the year.

Louis Napoleon owns a beautiful pair of bay horses, purchased for him in Lewis county, N. Y., for $3,000.

A BULL BUTTING A TRAIN OF CARS OFF THE TRACK.—The cars on the Lackawana and Bloomsburg Railroad were attacked by a bull, below the Wyoming depot, on Saturday week. His bullship was not on the track, but as the locomotive approached, he jumped on and made at it with head down. The cow catcher of the locomotive was broken, and the cars forced off the track. Part of the passengers returned and part got on the tender and went on to Scranton. The bull's skin was not marred, but every bone seemed to be broken, and he lay like a perfect jelly.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Rich deposits of tin, have been discovered in Australia, and large shipments of ore have been made to England.

DEATH OF AN OLD GUIDE.—A few days since, Meadiola, the old guide, who piloted Gen. Taylor through his Mexican campaign, up to the battle of Buena Vista, died in Mercer Valley, Texas, aged 90 years.

ANOTHER SLAVER.—The bark Panchita, was seized on the afternoon of the 8th inst., off Sandy Hook, by Capt. Faune, of the Revenue Cutter Washington, on suspicion of being a slaver. As the cutter neared the bark, the supercargo of the latter threw his papers overboard. They were, however, recovered, and on being examined were found to disclose full evidence of the illegality of her intended voyage. She was brought to the city, and now lies anchored off the Navy Yard.

During the past month there were six railway accidents, four of which were occasioned by collisions, and two by the breaking of axles. There were 21 persons killed, and 27 wounded.

A MODEL JUDGE.—Judge Capron delivered a lengthy charge in the Court of Session, New York, on Oct. 7th, especially calling attention to the usury laws, and their habitual violation, urging either their enforcement or repeal. In view of the approaching election, the Judge recommended the strict enforcement of such laws as are best calculated to uphold law and order. His honor also had a good deal to say about "fashionable crime," and called upon the jurors to indict, without respect to the social position or wealth of the guilty parties.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—A Carlisle (Pa.) paper says, that on Thursday night, 25th ult., a party of soldiers from the United States barracks, in that town, were stealing apples from the orchard of Alexander McDowell, and upon his ordering them to leave the premises, they attacked him with stones, fracturing his skull and inflicting such other injuries, that his life is in danger. Sixteen of the soldiers were arrested.

LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.—On Tuesday and Wednesday the 30th ult. and 1st inst., the Northern part of New York State was visited by a severe rain storm and disastrous floods. The Essex County Republican says the Aurable River rose higher than ever known before, sweeping away several dams, bridges, saw and grist mills, nail factories, rolling mills, machine shops and dwellings. Several lives were lost, but the number was not ascertained; however, nine dead bodies had been recovered up to the time of the Republican's going to press. The amount of the loss of property had not been ascertained, but must be very large.

UNITED STATES PENSION OFFICE.—The number of applications for bounty land warrants for September, was 2,500; examined or re-examined, 15,483; allowed, 6,286; warrants or certificates issued, 6,955. The number of acres required for these is 932,770. The total number of applications received, is 258,100; allowed, 173,800, warrants or certificates issued, 172,911. To satisfy these will require 20,768,510 acres. Up to the 30th ult., 257,000 claims had been acted on.

THE DUEL PREVENTED.—The intended duel between Mr. B. B. Botts and Mr. Prior was stopped by the police on the morning of Oct. 7th. The parties had met at Blair's Farm near Washington. Both were arrested, brought before Justice Goddard, and released on their parole of honor that they would return to Richmond with the officer from that city who made the arrest.

R. A. Prior and B. B. Botts, were arraigned before the Mayor of Richmond, Va., on Wednesday week, to answer the charge of leaving the State of Virginia to engage in a duel. After examining several witnesses, the parties were held in two thousand dollars each to keep the peace.

ARREST OF ANOTHER OF THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—On the 6th, James Daws, a member of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, was arrested in New York on complaint of Charles P. Dunne, an exiled Californian, and held in $15,000 bail to answer.

DINNER TO GEORGE PEABODY, ESQ.—The extensive preparations for the reception of Mr. Peabody was duly carried out at Danvers, Mass., on the 9th inst. There was quite a large procession of the military, firemen, and citizens. Hon. Edward Everett made the principal speech.

George W. Johnson, one of the large sugar planters on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, who died recently, has left an estate valued at not less than $700,000. He has by his will manumitted all his slaves, 200 in number. They are all to be sent to Liberia in four years from his death, and each one is to be furnished with $50.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—The Astor, Globe, and International Insurance Companies suspended to-day, with but slight prospect of resuming.

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—Gov. Robinson, of Kansas, arrived here last evening. He spoke in Indiana to-day. Col. Lane passed through here this morning, for Indianapolis. Judge Smith had proceeded to Pennsylvania, via St. Louis.

THE BURNING OF THE NIAGARA.—AN INCENDIARY.—It is believed that this calamity on Lake Michigan, by which 60 lives were lost, was caused by an incendiary. The captain states that the steward recently received an anonymous letter, declaring that every arrangement had been made to fire the boat.

FILLMORE.—There is now a Fillmore Electoral Ticket in every State in the Union except South Carolina—and there none exists only because Electors are elected by the Legislature. In New Hampshire, last of all, a Fillmore Electoral Ticket was made on Saturday last.

Wild pigeons are said to be unusually numerous in New Jersey this Fall. In the northern part of the State, the people are taking them in large quantities, by nets, and they sell readily at $1 per dozen.

The Baltimore Patriot states that the agents of the Peruvian Government have determined to advance the price of guano five dollars a ton.

The St. Louis Herald states that a new Fremont paper is about to be started in St. Louis, Mo., by a man of wealth, who will get up a strong and able journal. The intention is to make it an eight page daily, and it will commence by raising the Fremont and Dayton banner, with a full electoral ticket for the State.

APPLES FROM IOWA.—Judge Green, of Cedar Rapid, Iowa, exhibited at the U. S. Agricultural Fair, held last week, in West Philadelphia, a very choice variety of Apples. The Judge is an enterprising farmer and takes a lively interest in matters pertaining to agriculture.

POLITICAL NEWS.

POLITICAL MOVEMENTS AT HARRISBURG.—The Republican State Committee met on the 7th, at Caverly's Hotel. A committee of the North Americans also met at the same place, but both adjourned until the 16th inst., without agreeing upon a fusion electoral ticket, which was the object of their assembling. A few Fillmore Americans were present, but refused to aid in the formation of the new ticket. The town was filled with prominent politicians, including Thurlow Weed, Preston King and Messrs. Edgr and Sanford, of New York. Ex-Governor Wm. F. Johnston, Thaddeus Stevens, James Veach, Gen. Simon Cameron, and others, were on the ground, and quite active among the members of the Committee.

At a meeting of the Union State Committee, held pursuant to a call, at Caverly's Hotel, in Harrisburg, on Tuesday, October 7, 1856, at 2 o'clock, on motion, Robert M. Palmer, of Schuylkill county, was called to the Chair, and A. H. Miller, of Allegheny county, was appointed Secretary. On motion it was

Resolved, That it is desirable that all the voters of Pennsylvania, opposed to James Buchanan, the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention, for the Presidency, should unite on the same Electoral Ticket on equitable terms, and thus insure the defeat of the common enemy of Americanism and Republicanism.

Resolved, That we invite the friends of Fillmore and Fremont in Pennsylvania, to meet in Mass Convention, at the Seat of Justice of the several cities and counties of the Commonwealth, on Wednesday, the 15th day of October next, and choose twice as many Delegates as each city and county is entitled to members of the Legislature, who will meet in Convention, at Harrisburg, on Tuesday, the 21st day of October next, to form an Electoral Ticket, to be supported by the opponents of James Buchanan.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Convention thus assembled the formation of an Union Electoral Ticket, upon the following basis:

Twenty-six Electors shall consist of the same names, the twenty-seventh Elector on the Fillmore ticket shall consist of a different name from the twenty-seventh on the Fremont ticket. For example, Millard Fillmore and twenty-six other names, selected from the several Congressional Districts, shall form one ticket; and John C. Fremont and the same twenty-six names above referred to, shall form the other ticket. The twenty six Electors shall be pledged to cast the electoral votes of the State for Millard Fillmore and John C. Fremont, respectively, in proportion to the popular votes cast for each, as indicated by the twenty-seventh Elector on each ticket. For example, if Millard Fillmore, (or the twenty-seventh Elector who represents him,) receives an equal number of votes with John C. Fremont or his representatives, then thirteen electoral votes shall be given for Millard Fillmore, and thirteen for John C. Fremont.

This will enable every voter to act efficiently against James Buchanan, without any sacrifice of principle. The Fillmore men vote for him alone, the Fremont men vote for him alone, and yet by associated action they increase the chances of each. We think no one can object to this proposition who is not in heart in favor of James Buchanan.

Resolved, That if the State Executive Committees of the two parties unite on a joint ticket, before the meeting of this Convention, it be recommended to the Convention to ratify their action.

Resolved, That in order that no time may be lost after the Union Ticket shall be formed, we recommend the Delegates from the different districts to agree on their respective Electors before they leave home, and procure from them the following written pledge:

"Should I be chosen a Presidential Elector for the State of Pennsylvania, I hereby pledge myself so to cast the vote of the State that Millard Fillmore and John C. Fremont shall each receive Electoral votes equal to the proportion of popular votes given to each as indicated by the 27th (or leading) Elector on each ticket."

Resolved, That this Committee do now adjourn.

ROBT. M. PALMER, Chairman.

A. H. MILLER, Secretary.

The *Daily News* (*Fillmore*) of this city, denies in toto that either the above meeting was held, or the above resolutions passed.

STILL ANOTHER MOVE.—An address has been signed by Simon Cameron, Thaddeus Stevens, Ner Middleworth, and various editors of Fremont and Fillmore papers in Lancaster, Adams, Franklin, Union, Cambria, Huntingdon, and Dauphin counties, Pennsylvania, saying that, as the State Executive Committees of the Fremont and Fillmore parties have failed to agree on any terms of union, they invite the members of those two parties throughout the commonwealth, to meet in mass conventions at the several county seats, on Saturday, the 11th of October, and choose twice as many delegates as each city and county is entitled to members of the Legislature, who will meet in convention at Harrisburg, on Thursday the 16th day of October, to form an electoral ticket, to be supported by the opponents of Buchanan.

They propose further, that the ticket shall be constituted on the following principles: Twenty-six Electors shall consist of the same names; the twenty-seventh Elector on the Fillmore ticket shall consist of a different name from the twenty-seventh on the Fremont ticket. And this name is to be the test of the strength of each party.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Republicans have adopted a compromise ticket, but the American leaders have refused to unite on it. For the Legislature, it consists of Henry C. Pratt, for the Senate, from the county, and for the House from the same district, James Cooper, who was on both tickets, and four Americans and six Republicans, selected from the names on the two tickets. They are all pledged to vote for no person for United States Senator who is not opposed to the extension of slavery.

In the first Congressional district, the Republican candidate for Congress, Mr. T. G. Allen, has withdrawn, leaving Mr. E. C. Knight as the only opponent of Mr. T. B. Florence, the Democratic candidate. In the third district, Mr. Millward has been nominated by both Americans and Republicans. In the fourth district, both Foust (Amer.) and Judge Kelley (Repub.) are in the field. In the Delaware and Chester district, John S. Bowen has been agreed to as the only candidate of the Americans, Whigs and Republicans.

THE ELECTION IN BALTIMORE—TERRIBLE RIOTS AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The municipal election in Baltimore on the 8th, was characterized, especially during the latter part of the day, by great disorder and much fighting, in which pistols and guns were freely used. The fighting in the Fourteenth and Eighth wards was particularly severe, four men being killed, and some twenty persons wounded. Among the latter were three children. The most serious riot occurred in the Lexington market, between the adherents of the New Market Fire Company (Democrats) and the American club, called the "Rip Raps." The former, having been driven from the polls in the Twelfth ward, proceeded to their engine house, where they armed themselves with muskets and pursued the Rip Raps to the market house, when a general fight with pistols and muskets ensued, lasting for half an hour.

Mr. Swan, the American candidate, was elected. The latest news states his majority at 1,580.

The result of the election for Councilmen is, that in the First Branch there are 13 Americans to 7 Democrats. There is a tie in the Second Branch, an equal number of each party having been elected.

The Americans paraded the streets after the election, with music, torches, and banners, cheering uproariously. The following day the city was quiet.

ELECTION IN UPPER MICHIGAN.—The election for a State Senator and two Representatives was held in the upper peninsula of this State on the 20th of September. The Democratic candidates were elected. The majority for the Senator was about 1,000.

DELAWARE TOWN ELECTIONS.—The election in Delaware, for Inspectors and Assessors, took place on the 7th. In New Castle county, the Democrats have 850 majority; in Kent, 450, and in Sussex, 500. The Democrats have carried every county and every township or hundred, except one, to wit:—Butler Hundred, in Sussex county. In this the Americans have now 60 majority.

CONNECTICUT TOWN ELECTIONS.—The returns from the towns that voted are disputed—both the Republicans and the Democrats claiming to have succeeded. The vote was in about two-thirds of the towns. The Fillmore and Buchanan men seem generally to have united.

We give below, however, what the papers say. The *Ledger*, of this city, contains the following:—

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 10.—The report that the Republicans had carried the recent town elections in this State is untrue, as reliable returns, as far as received, show a gain for the Democrats of twenty-two towns.

On the other hand, the N. Y. Tribune claims an aggregate gain of ten towns, and a gain on the vote of last spring of 7,000. The Hartford Evening Press, of the 9th, says:

"We have now received information from nearly every town in the State which held its election on Monday. Our returns are from 140 towns—of these 81 give Fremont majorities, 53 Buchanan majorities, and six are divided. Compared with last Fall, the Republicans have gained in 24 towns, and the Democrats in 10."

VERMONT LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature of Vermont assembled at Montpelier on the 9th inst. Geo. W. Crandy, Republican, was chosen Speaker of the House, receiving 196 votes, and H. L. Watson, Democrat, 16.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—The Buchanan, Fillmore and Whig parties coalesced on the 9th upon the County and Congressional nominations. Wm. C. Fowler, a Hunker Whig, was nominated for Congress.

FLORIDA.—The latest returns we have favor the Americans. A total footing of the reported majorities in sixteen counties, as far as received, exhibits a net gain to the Americans of 356; should the remaining thirteen counties do as well, they will probably carry the State. But the vote for Governor bids fair to be a very close one.

FROM KANSAS.—The Free State men resolved to take no part in the election on the 6th. At a meeting at Lawrence, on the 1st inst., the following was unanimously adopted:

Whereas Expediency and principle alike enjoin the people to ignore the coming election of members of the Assembly; and whereas, Congress having rejected our delegate on the ground of the invalidity of the election law, another application identical in fact and principle with the one just determined, would doubtless be refused; therefore

Resolved, That the people of Kansas, regarding the so-called Election Law as invalid, refuse to participate in any election held by virtue of its enactments.

CHICAGO, Oct 8.—Private advices, received here from Kansas, mention a rumor that Gov. Robinson was about to convene the Free Soil Legislature. The hundred Free State men arrested under Harvey, at Hickory Point, had all been committed on the charge of murder.

A letter to the Democrat, dated Lawrence, 2d inst., says that a Convention will be held at Topeka, on the 13th inst., for the purpose of forming a Republican electoral ticket, with the view of ascertaining the strength of the party. If Kansas should be admitted as a State in December, the electors thus chosen will ask seats in the Electoral College. The Pro-Slavery party, it is expected, will nominate a Fillmore and Buchanan electoral ticket.

The Free State men state that while a large number of arrests of Free State men have been made by Gov. Geary, none of the Pro-Slavery party have been arrested. That while Gov. Shannon was a King Log, Gov. Geary is a King Stork. It must be stated in partial justification of Gov. Geary, that as nine-tenths of the Free State party own no allegiance to the enactments of the bogus Legislature, they hence refuse to acknowledge their binding force by using them. By simply upholding the laws of that Legislature, the action of the Governor is *necessarily* thrown on the side of the Pro-Slavery party. Mr. S. W. Smith, one of the "treason" prisoners, recently released on bail, informs the editor of the Pittsburg Gazette, that no less than 113 of the citizens of Lawrence and vicinity, have been arrested, and some 300 more, for whom warrants are out, have fled the Territory. They are charged with outrageous crimes. The people in Lawrence are in a suffering condition, owing to the almost impossibility of obtaining food at any rate.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—A party of Kansas emigrants, chiefly from Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin, to the number of about 300, including women and children, on arriving at Taber, Iowa, on the 1st inst., received intelligence of the approach of Gov. Geary, with 250 dragoons, to oppose their entrance into the Territory. They, however, determined to proceed on their journey till fired upon, and it was expected they would meet the troops at Little Nebraska river, on the 4th inst.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 13.—We have advices from Weston, Mo., which state that Messrs. Barry & Walker, having sold some flour to citizens of Kansas, a party of Border Ruffians under Stringfellow, proceeded from Platte City to Weston, and arrested Berry, denouncing him as an Abolitionist and threatening to hang him. The citizens of Weston assembled in force, and after denouncing Stringfellow, and ordering him to leave the country in five days, drove him and his party from town.

RENDITION OF A FUGITIVE.—Some excitement took place in New York at one of the North River wharves, on the 6th inst., in consequence of the discovery of a fugitive slave on board the steamship Roanuke, just arrived from Richmond, Va. He was found at night by the stevedores who were discharging the vessel, cramped in a box in the hold, and nearly suffocated for want of air. He persistently refused to answer any questions that were put to him. There is a suspicion that some person on board the steamer connived at his escape, but the fugitive said nothing to inculpate any person. The steamer was immediately sent from her dock, and anchored off Sandy Hook. The captain and owners had a consultation, when it was decided that the slave should be placed on board a schooner bound for Richmond, which was done.

COLLISION ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD.—The mail train from the suspension bridge to Windsor, on the Great Western Railroad, came into collision with the cattle train, on Thursday, the 9th inst. No human lives were lost, but several cars of the cattle train were thrown from the track, and a number of the cattle were killed. The conductor and express agent on the cattle train were badly injured. During the confusion, the mail and baggage cars took fire, and with one passenger car were entirely consumed. The mails, all the passengers' baggage, and two tons of express matters were burned. The entire loss is estimated at $20,000.

YELLOW FEVER IN CHARLESTON.—There were six deaths from yellow fever in Charleston on Monday Oct. 6th.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S.—The market opened with a brisk demand, which was kept up, owing to the short supply—(there only being about half as many beef cattle on sale as there was last week)—and the improvement in the quality, as compared with the average quality of the few weeks past. There was a much larger number of Texas cattle on sale than there has been at any one time this season, and the quality was much better; they sold at 9@10c. The total number of cattle on sale was 1,573 head, and for the week 2,969, with 321 stale cattle, which were left unsold. The quality of the cattle was very good, with few very extra, which sold for high prices; the range was from $4,50 to 10. Mr. Geo Aycault sold 7 head of very fine cattle fed by Mr. Allen Aycault, of Genesee, N. Y., for $7,37½ per head, equal to 9½c per lb. Mr. Murphy sold a fine lot of 10 head for $701 a head; they were not so large as those sold by Mr. Aycault, but they were of about the same quality. Cows and Calves continue very dull, without change in prices. Veal Calves are selling very well at last week's prices. Sheep and Lambs are doing well at this mart, and realize at 8@9 to 8. Swine are brisk at an advance on last week's figures.

The following were the sales for the week:

2569 Beef Cattle	@$9all
10 Cows and Calves	25 a55
301 Veal Calves	6½a 7½
1358 Sheep and Lambs	2 a 6
903 Swine	6½a 7

The following table shows from what part of the country and by what conveyance the supplies came:

Beef Cattle.		Head.
From Ohio		783
" Illinois		702
" Indiana		282
" New York State		241
" Kentucky		85
" Texas		246
" Pennsylvania		66
" Virginia		91
By the Hudson River Boats,	Beeves	994
By the Harlem Railroad,	Beeves	1727
" "	Cows and Calves	19
" "	Sheep and Lambs	1358
" "	Veal Calves	331
By the Hudson River Railroad,	Beeves	1077
" "	Swine	614
By the Erie Railroad,	Beeves	317
" "	Swine	189
On foot—Cattle		189

AT BROWNING'S there was a very good supply of Beef Cattle, but they were mostly poor grass fed cattle, and sold for $7,50@8,50 @ 100 lbs. Cows and Calves continue very dull, at last week's prices. Veal Calves are active at 6@7. Sheep and Lambs are in very good demand, but prices have fallen off some 3c or 4c a head, owing to the large receipts. Some 70 head were sold for shipping to the West Indies at $9,25.

The following are the sales:

638 Beef Cattle,	$7,50@8,00
25 Cows and Calves,	30,00@55,00
56 Veal Calves,	5,5 a7,25
3123 Sheep and Lambs,	2,5 a6,25

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S—There was a pretty good demand for all stock here, and pretty good prices were realized. Sales as follows:

520 Beef Cattle,	$7,50@10,00
180 Cows and Calves,	35,00@55,00
137 Veal Calves,	6@7c
3691 Sheep and Lambs,	2,50@6,00

AT O'BRIEN'S—There was a brisk demand at this market for all stock, except Cows and Calves, which were dull. The following are the sales:

178 Beeves,	$7,50@10,00
104 Cows and Calves,	35,00@60
78 Veal Calves,	@6

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves	Cows and Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's	2969	12	321	1358
Browning's	638	25	56	3 79
Chamberlain's	520	180	137	3691
O'Brien's	178	104	78	—
Total	3730	298	592	13,222

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market was not very active. We note sales of 60 bbls Howard Street at $6,75; also, a small lot of Ohio for family delivery at $8,25. Sales of 125 bbls Ohio at $6,75, in store closing firm at this price. There were no sales of City Mills—holders were asking $6,75, without finding purchasers. Family and Extra Flour—No sales. We quote Baltimore extra at $7; family $8; Howard Street and Ohio extra $7,25@7,50; family $8,25@8,50. Rye Flour—We quote now at $5,25@5,50. Corn Meal—Sales are nominal at $3,75, country $3,25.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.—Wheat—The demand was quite active, and prices bought freely; receipts continue light. There were only 10,000 bus offered, and sales making, of white at 150 @158 for fair to good; good to prime 158@160; choice 162c; red 146 @150; choice 156c.

CORN.—The demand continues steady. There were 7000 bus offered, and sales of white at 80@81; yellow 82@83 to 87; mixed 80c.

OATS.—There were 2100 bus offered, and sales were made at 49@50c.

RYE.—There were 100 bus offered, but no sales. We quote March and 76@80; Pennsylvania 82@86.

SEEDS.—No sales. We quote Clover at $8,25@8,75; Timothy $3,50@3,75 @ bus.

WHISKEY.—The stock on hand is light, the market, however, remains firm. Sales of 150 Ohio at 36c. We quote city at 31@32 @ gal.

Oct. 13. Sales of Howard Street and Ohio Flour at $6,75@7. Wheat is from 1 to 2c better; sales of red at 142@150; and white at 154@160. Corn, 80c for white; yellow 83@85c; Whiskey steady.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts of Beef Cattle at market were very large. There were two droves offered at the scales, but of which were subsequently withdrawn. 400 were driven to Philadelphia; 200 to York and Lancaster, &c.; 400 were left over unsold, and the balance, 1300 head, were taken up by Baltimore butchers, mostly at prices ranging from $3 to $3,75 on the hoof, equal to $6@7,50 net, and averaging $6,75 gross. A few extra heifers were sold at a higher figure than is quoted above. The average rate is a little lower than the average on last market day.

HOGS.—There was a full supply of Hogs at market, but last week's prices were well sustained. The sales were made at $7,75@8,25 @ 100 lbs.

SHEEP.—Sold at the scales at $3@4 @ 100 lbs gross. The market was steady at those figures.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
October 14, 1856.

The excitement usually attending the near approach of the election, with the annual Agricultural Fair held in this city, have so absorbed the attention of the community, that business generally has been neglected and dull during the past week. The last Foreign news depressed the market for Breadstuffs and Flour. Wheat and Corn are rather lower. Rice is scarce, and wanted. For Cotton the market is buoyant, under the continued unfavorable accounts from the South in relation to the crop, and free sales are making at a further advance. Coal and Iron are active, but without much doing in the latter articles. Groceries are also quiet, and prices of Sugar and Coffee about the same. Molasses is better. Provisions continue dull and the transactions in barreled Meats, Bacon, and Lard are mostly to a small way, without much change in prices. Hides and Leather meet with an active demand, at full rates. Naval Stores and Oils but little doing. Linseed Oil, however, is on the advance. Rice continues firm. Seeds sweet with a moderate demand, at about previous rates. Tobacco is firm as the advance, with more activity in the demand for both Leaf and Manufactured. Wool is firmly held, with a fair inquiry to go East, and Whiskey remains nearly steady. In Dry Goods there is a fair business doing. The new trade goods on sell, and the purchasers are coming forward freely, and cheap notices. The commission houses have also been more busy this week, the high prices of the raw material having induced somewhat of a speculative demand for cotton fabrics, large sales are particularly of heavy Brown Goods, have been made at full rates, in anticipation of an advance. All descriptions have an upward tend—ency, with brisk sales. Drills are firm, and stocks keep well sold up. Cotton Flannels sell freely, and cheap notices are firm. Ticks and Stripes continue steady. Prints—New patterns are taken freely on arrival at full prices. In Woollens there has been a good business done in Cassimeres, Cassinetts, and Satinetts, at previous quoted rates. Shawls meet with a good demand. Flannels and Blankets are also active for the season, and bring full prices.

ASHES.—Pots and Pearls are firm, with light receipts, and sales to note at previous rates.

BARK.—There is very little offering or selling. Quercitron is scarce and firm, with further sales of about 100 hhds at No 1, in lots, on arrival, at $32 @ ton. Tanners' Bark is also scarce and wanted at previous quoted rates.

BEESWAX.—Continues to command, and some 8 00 lbs have been sold at 27½c, which is an advance—holders now ask the latter rate.

CANDLES.—There is a fair demand for both Sperm and Adamantine, within the range of quotations—the latter, city made, are scarce and firm at 20c @ lb. No change in Tallow Candles, and wanted at previous quoted rates.

COAL.—There is no alteration in the price or demand of this staple, with aender to business only to notice for the season. Allegheny Coal rules dull.

The receipts of Anthracite Coal, from the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, during the past week, and for the year, compare as follows with 1855:

FOR THE WEEK.	1856.	1855.
Lehigh Canal	37,457	34,063
Schuylkill Canal	38, 34	31,568
Reading Railroad	49,5 1	55, 72
Total for week	123,033	121,311

FOR THE YEAR.	1856.		1855.
Lehigh Canal	1,029,692	921, 18 Dec.	107,764
Schuylkill Canal	1,055,561	877,191 Inc.	11,620
Reading Railroad	1,4 1 573	1,280,47e Dec.	140,797
Total for year	3,795,986	3,080,943 Dec.	134,941

The receipts by the Lehigh Valley Railroad amount to 72,712 tons, so that there is an actual increase from the Lehigh Region of 14,958 tons. The Reading Railroad shows the heaviest falling off. Of the amount brought from the Schuylkill region there were 11,850 tons carried over the Little Schuylkill Railroad, against 7,285 tons for the corresponding week of 1855.

COFFEE.—Holders are firm in their views, and prime Coffee is scarce, but the week's operations have been moderate for the season, and only about 500 bags found buyers at from 10½ to 11½c for Rio, and 11@12c for Laguayra, on the usual terms—the bulk of the sales were of the former description.—Some 500 mats Java have also been disposed of at 16½, usual time.

COTTON.—The advanced rates now current at the South, and the more favorable accounts from abroad, have given an upward tendency to the market, and holders have realized a further advance of ¼@½c since last week; the firmness of holders at the close, however, has checked the demand, but the transactions to-day foot up about 1,000 bales, mostly within the range of 12½@12¾c for Uplands, and 13@13½c for Gulfs, cash and time, including some fancy lots at higher figures.

DRUGS AND DYES.—Business has been rather more active this week. Among the sales are 50 casks Soda Ash at 2½c; 100 casks Sal Soda at 2½c, on the usual credit, and 20 casks Cocoa Nut Oil and 40 casks Dutch Madder, on terms not public.

FEATHERS.—Continue in request and scarce, with further sales of some good Western at 35@36c @ lb, as to lots.

FISH.—The store demand is more active, and prices range at $4 for 1's; $3@3½ for 2's, and $2@2½ for No 3 Mackerel, of medium size. Large Fish are very scarce. Sales from the vessel are reported at $6@6,25 for large 2's; $12 for 1's; $5 for 2's, and $6 for 3's, of medium size, but these rates are generally refused. Herring sell at $2@2,50 bbl, as to lots, and Dry Cod at $4 the 100 lbs.

FRUIT.—The market continues nearly bare of foreign, and the sales are only in a retail way, at full prices. A cargo from Malaga is hourly expected. Domestic is mostly sold. Apples are selling in lots at $@$4, and Cranberries at $@$5 @ bbl, as to quality.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market opened depressed and dull, and holders in order to meet the views of buyers, have submitted to a decline of 25@37½ cts since the close of last week; the export demand, however, continues very limited and only some 3000 bbls have found buyers for shipment, mostly for the British Provinces and the West Indies, at $5,50@5,62½ for superfine brands; $5,75@6 for favorite brands, and $6@6,50 for extra, the closing rates were at our lowest figure, at which rate there are more sellers than buyers. For home use the demand has also been limited at the decline, and prices range at $5,50@7 for common and good brands; $7@7,25 for extra, and $8@8,50 @ bbl for fancy lots. Rye Flour continues scarce, with further sales of 200 bbls at $5,75 @ bbl. Corn Meal is firm, with sales of some 2000 bbls at $3,25 for Penna., and $3,75 for Brandywine. The inspections for the week are 16,700 bbls Flour; 2500 do Corn Meal, and 1400 do Rye Flour.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat continue moderate, but under a limited demand, which is mostly for milling, prices have fallen off about 3c @ bus since last week, sales in all reaching about 40,000 bus, at $1,40@1,42 for prime to fancy, and $1,43a 1,45 for white, the closing sales were at $1,42@1,43 for fair to fancy, and $1,40 for the latter, of prime quality. Rye continues steady, and further receipts and sales of 3000 bus, in small lots at 70@72c for Southern and 74@76c for Penna., the latter for new. Corn has declined, and some 30,000 bus Penna. and Southern yellow have found buyers at 84@85c, in store and afloat. We quote to-day for Penna. at 82@83c for old, afloat. Lots are scarce and wanted, and some 12,000 bus have been taken on arrival at 82@83c, as to quality, mostly at the latter rate for good Delaware. Barley—Some 6000 bus Western New York have been sold at $1,25@1,28.

OATS.—The active season being over, the market has been quiet this week, but without any particular change to note to-day. A cargo of Penna. just arrived sold at 49c.

GINSENG.—There is nothing doing in the trade for the want of stock, and we have no alteration to note in the market.

HEMP.—There is very little offering or selling to alter quotations, the stock being mostly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES continue in good request and scarce at fully former rates. An import of 4250 dry Laguayra sold, part before arrival, at 22½@25c, on the usual credit. About 2500 dry African, just in, have not, as yet, been disposed of.

HOPS remain dull, and small business only to notice at 12@14c for the new crop, and 20@30c for old.

IRON.—The market has ruled very quiet during the past week, and only about 150 tons, principally Anthracite, have found buyers in lots at steady rates, prices ranging from $24 for No 3, $27@28 for No 2, and $28 for No 1, on time. Scotch Pig remains very still. In manufactured there are no changes to notice, but the mills are well supplied with orders, particularly for Rails and Bars.

LEAD.—Holders are firm in their demands, and a small business only to notice; sales of Virginia are reported at equal to $4 the 100 lbs, cash, and about 150 tons Foreign in lots, on terms not public.

LUMBER.—The market has been more active, and a large business has been done in White Pine this week at from $18 to 28 for common to good, and $30 to 3- for clear; nothing new in other kinds, with about the usual sales. Laths are steady and firm.

LEATHER.—The demand continues active, and the receipts, which are large, had ready sales at fully former rates.

MOLASSES.—Prices are 1@2c @ gallon better, but there has been a very little movement in the market, owing to the firmness of holders.

NAVAL STORES.—There is very little doing in the market, some 300 bbls Spirits Turpentine have been taken at 42@43c and to lots; nothing new in Rosin, Pitch or Tar, and sales limited.

OILS.—There is a fair business to note in Sperm and Whale, without alteration in prices; Land Oil is firm, but quiet at 44 @ 45c for Spring and Winter; Linseed Oil is better and prices range 80@82½ for boiled and 77½@80 for raw.

PROVISIONS.—The market for bbld Pork is firm, with a small business doing in Mess at $20@21. City Mess Beef sells in lots as wanted at $16@16, and Western at $12@14 @ bbl; the latter is very dull. In Bacon there is very little doing, and the sales are only in a retail way at 11@11½ for plain and fancy Hams, mostly at 12@12½; 9@10c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders. Green Meats are quiet and prices favor the buyer; sales of 250 casks Hams, in salt and pickle, are reported on terms not public, and about 50 do Shoulders to sell at Tenth Land's dull, with a small business to note at 11@11½c for bbls and tcs, and 11½c for kegs. Butter is steady, with moderate receipts and sales of Western packed at 14@16c, the latter for prime. Cheese is steady at 9@10c @ lb.

PLASTER.—There is very little arriving, and we quote Soft at $3,25@3,50 @ ton.

RICE.—The stock is very much reduced, and the market is firmer, with a small business to notice at 4@4½c, as to quality. There is no new arriving, and prime lots are scarce.

SALT.—There is little or no alteration in the market, and the import of 9000 sacks Liverpool Ground has been disposed of on terms not public.

SEEDS.—There is but little demand for Clover, and not much offering. Some 200 bus, however, have changed hands in lots at 97½c, the latter for prime new Seed. Some small sales of old crop are also reported at $4@5 @ bus. Timothy is rather more inquired for, and 450 bus have been taken, mostly to hold over, at $3@3 @ bus. Flaxseed continues scarce, and Dunseed is worth $2,30@2,40 @ bus.

SPIRITS.—There is very little movement in Brandy or Gin, and

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Piracy Suit—Herbert Requested to Resign—Political—The Indians, &c.

The steamship George Law, with the San Francisco mails of September 30th, arrived at New York on the 13th, with the passengers, mails and treasure brought down by the steamer Sonora. She experienced strong north-east winds during the entire voyage. She brings $1 686,033 in treasure.

Our dates from San Francisco are to the 20th.

Since me previous dates, rain has fallen in various parts of the State, and from all portions of the mining regions we hear favorable accounts. Extensive preparations are being made in anticipation of the rainy season, to work the dry gulches and ravines where there is no water.

The settlers of Sacramento held a meeting on the 5th, to consider the recent decision of the Supreme Court of this State, declaring the right of claimants to preémpte grants to eject settlers previous to a final confirmation of the United States Court. They passed resolutions to maintain their possession at all hazards until the decision of the United States Supreme Court.

On the 5th, a destructive fire broke out in Marysville, in which some forty buildings, mostly occupied by Mexicans and Chinese, were destroyed. The town of Colusi was entirely destroyed by fire about the same time. We have accounts about the usual amount of violence in all parts of the State.

San Francisco was very quiet. The rooms of the Vigilance Committee had been closed, the arms put away, and the sentinels removed.

The "Piracy" suit in the United States Circuit Court terminated in favor of the defendants on the 4th ult. Some excitement existed during the trial, and after the prisoners were discharged, a procession was formed, and marched to all parts of the city, exhibiting much enthusiasm.

Soon after it was ascertained that Congressman Herbert had arrived by the steamer Sonora, a deputation, consisting of Mr. J. H. Brown, and six others, bearing the petitions, numerously signed some weeks since, requesting him to resign, presented them to him at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Herbert took them in his hand, and said, "Gentlemen, I will give them a most respectful consideration." The deputation then retired.

Great agitation is now being directed to the subject of Indian affairs on the Pacific coast, and loud calls are being made for reform in the manner of conducting matters, so that future difficulties may be prevented, and some definite provisions be made for the Indians. Troops, particularly mounted men, are needed in the districts where difficulties are most frequent, and immediate steps certainly should be taken to enable the Indians to support themselves by agricultural pursuits. More Reservations are also desirable, and sufficient forces stationed within them to keep both Indians and whites, who cause the difficulties, in check, and officers with sufficient power to enforce order in such districts. In addition to the Tulare Indians, there are said to be in the South 15,000 Indians, 3 000 of whom are domesticated, and 12,000 living in rancherias or villages of their own.

City and State Politics.—The approaching election promises to be a spirited one in this city, in consequence of the feeling that has been engendered by the necessity for the organization of the Vigilance Committee. There is a determination on the part of the members and sympathizers with the Committee to support none for the local offices, and for members of the Legislature, who are known to be either opponents of that body and its past action.

The Committee appear to be divided in agreeing on a ticket, and unless something is done to harmonize them, there is a prospect of the success of the Democratic party, which, so far as this city is concerned, appears to be committed against the Committee. An independent ticket has been placed before the people, by a committee chosen at a mass meeting composed of persons known to be friendly to the Committee. The Republicans are now making a ticket, and are selecting from the People's ticket such men as are favorable to the Republican cause. They have also passed strong Vigilance Committee resolutions, and will select none but Vigilance men. It is possible that some compromise will be made by these parties; if not, it is perhaps safe to suppose that both will be beaten, except those names which appear upon both tickets. The Americans will also make a separate ticket, and it is reported will nominate all Vigilance men. The contest will be the warmest ever waged in San Francisco.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Young Men's Democratic Club will not admit any one to membership who belongs to or endorses the Vigilance Committee. In several instances friends of the Committee have been ordered to leave the club room.

The Democratic State Convention met on the 9th, at Sacramento, and after three days' session completed the following nominations: For Congress, Joseph C. Kiskeen and Charles L. Scott; Clerk of the Supreme Court, Charles S. Fairfax; Presidential Electors, A. C. Bradford, P. De la Force, George Frazier, and Augustin Olivera; Superintendent of Public Instructions, A. J. Moulder. The ticket is anti-Broderick throughout.

Col. Baker and E. F. Tracy were canvassing for Republicans. Gov. Foote and Baile Peyton are addressing the American party throughout the State. Gen. M. S. Latham and Thomas J. Henley, are stumping the State for the Democratic ticket.

A grand political barbacue, at which the Democratic-American and Republican orators all made speeches, was held at San Jose on Wednesday and Thursday. Col. Baker and Judge Tracy addressed a large meeting of Republicans at Placerville on Tuesday.

The Alta Californian says:—The Republicans are sanguine of success as are either of their opponents in this triangular fight. They have been encouraged by the fact that the ticket put forth by the Democratic Convention has what they call a strong Southern cast, and is made from the "chivalry" wing of the party. They hope to draw from its support many men of strong Northern proclivities, and thus add a great outside strength to their ticket. All the signs are sanguine of success.

The steamer Columbia arrived at San Francisco, on the 19th, in two and a half days from Oregon. Hostilities continued, and Gov. Stevens reached Walla Walla on the 31st August, with a party in an Indian Department and volunteer trains, under charge of John Scott, with twenty-five men at first, making forty-one, packers and all, were attacked by a party of Indians, estimated at seventy, at about 11 A. M., on the 28th, and fought the day until midnight, when Scott and his men abandoned their train and animals, except enough to mount themselves.

The Indians were the Grande Bonde party, who fought by Shaw a short time since, and were daring. Sampson's band of Umpqua Indians at last accounts, enbodying the citizens in the city of Myrtle Creek.

The following, still later from Washington Territory is derived through the Oregon papers. The crops, though late, owing to the advanced season owing, caused by the cold weather, are nearly completed. The crops are generally good, much better than was anticipated early in the season. The yield of apples, peaches and other fruits has been abundant. Mowers, reapers and other mowing machinery is being introduced, to the benefit of the farmer. Measures were in progress for supplying the city of Portland with water. Telegraphic wires had been extended to Salem on way of the Dalles. A good deal of rain had fallen lately, accompanied with cold weather.

The flag ship Independence and sloop-of-war St. Mary's were still at anchor off Petropa, and the rest of war Saratoga off Aspinwall. Officers and crew of all the ships in excellent health.

Forgeries in New York.—The New York papers state that Mr. C. B. Huntingdon, a broker of that city, has been arrested on a charge of passing a note of $6 500, with the names of Phelps Dodge. When arrested, he stated that he had received the forged paper from Mr. George S. Fitch, a broker; but Mr. Fitch denies all knowledge of the spurious paper. Mr. Huntingdon gave up to officers two other forged notes on the firm of Phelps & Dodge—one for $6,500, and the other for $16 61. These notes, as also avers, were received by him from Mr. Fitch. Mr. H. was held to bail in $20,000.

His arrest has led to still further developments, rumor places the amount of forged paper circulated at near half a million of dollars. The principal names forged are Bowen & McNamee, and Wm. R. Weller, extensive dry goods dealers.

Completion of the Newfoundland Telegraph Line.—We are now in telegraphic connection with Bradock, (Cape Breton, N. S.) The line from Bradock to New York, via Pictou, St. John, (N. B.) Portland, and Boston, is now nearly completed, and it is expected that regular telegraphic connection between this city and the United States will be opened before the middle of this month. The submarine cable—85 miles in length—between Cape Ray (N. F.) and Cape North, (Cape Breton, N. S.,) which was laid down last summer, is found to offer no impediment to the telegraphic current.

New Weekly in Express Business.—An exchange says that of the New York and Erie stock the $30 00's at Oswego, H. D. Rice, the intendent, who believes in all the slogies and ology, reported to the Patenological Rooms of New York, with all his messengers, to have their craniums examined, by that apostle of campology, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact amount of honesty possessed by

Another Complimentary Dinner to Mr. Brooks.—*A dinner to Preston S. Brooks, for his assault on Mr. Sumner, was given lately at a place called Ninety Six, in South Carolina.* It is estimated by the Columbia South Carolinian that the number of persons of both sexes present was from five to seven thousand. A gold goblet was presented to Mr. Brooks on behalf of the people of Abbeville District, and a gold-headed cane from the citizens of Chester, Laurens District. Also, a silver goblet on behalf of the residents of Ninety-Six and vicinity, and a walking cane from some other district. Brooks made a violent disunion speech. Senator Toombs of Georgia, also spoke for two hours and said that he approved most heartily of Brooks's assault on Sumner—that he "saw it done, and saw it well done." The following is an extract from Mr. Brooks's speech:—

"I tell you, fellow-citizens, from the bottom of my heart, that the only mode which I think available for meeting it, is just to tear the Constitution of the United States, trample it under foot, and form a Southern Confederacy, every State of which will be a slave holding State. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) I believe it, as I stand in the face of my Maker—I believe it on my responsibility to you as your honored representative, that the only hope of the South is in the South, and that the only available means of making that hope effective, is to cut asunder the bonds that tie us together, and take our separate position in the family of nations. These are my opinions. They have always been my opinions. I have been a disunionist from the time I could think."

A Young Lady Drawn in a Lottery.—Nearly a year ago, a young lady in France, named Sophie Von Behr, conceived the idea of disposing of herself in marriage by means of a lottery. She was thirty years old, tired of a life of celibacy, and in despair at not finding a husband with enough means at his command to suit her views. She announced, therefore, that her handsome but rather mature person, should be disposed of on the following terms: She created a lottery, with five hundred shares of a thousand francs each. Subscribers were to present themselves in person, in order that she might decide on their acceptability as husband. The subscribers, of course, were to be single men. The subscriptions were placed in the hands of a notary as fast as made, and the drawing was not to take place till all the shares were taken—that is, when the sum of half a million francs was completed.

Not quite a year elapsed before the shares were all taken. The drawing recently took place in the office of the notary, who held the subscriptions and the money, in presence of two magistrates. A thousand numbers were placed in an urn, the subscribers being numbered in order as their names were inscribed. The urn was thoroughly shaken up, a blind hand thrust in and No. 499 withdrawn. The happy individual who subscribed No. 499 was a Tunisian General, who had already occupied the public attentions by his oriental caprices. But the lady was neither frightened at the turban, nor the beard, nor the religion, nor the harem of the happy barbarian, who hastened to marry her, and to pocket his five hundred thousand francs. The happy couple left for Tunis, where they will reside.—*Paris Correspondent New York Times.*

Egyptian, or Mummy Corn.—Perhaps the most wonderful and interesting specimen of the earth, in the Horticultural Exhibition recently closed, was some Egyptian Corn, raised in the garden of General Wm. H. Sumner, of Jamaica Plains, and kindly sent by him for exhibition, thus giving thousands an opportunity of seeing one of the greatest curiosities within our knowledge. The seed from which this corn was raised, was taken from the *folds of cloth wrapped around a mummy three or four thousand years ago*, and, wonderful as it may seem, after being entombed for so many centuries, like a resurrection from the dead, it springs up in new life and vigor, it is undoubtedly the kind of grain for which Joseph's brethren went into the land of Egypt—the same "corn" of which the Bible speaks. It is luxuriant in its growth, and the heads resemble wheat, but are very much larger, forming in inverted conical clusters as large as the closed hand; the kernels are large and very sweet to the taste, and the stock and leaves are similar to our Indian Corn. There seems to be no reason why it may not become a valuable addition to our cereal productions, and thanks are due to the gentlemen who are multiplying it and bringing it into notice.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Heaves in Horses.—The latest remedy for this troublesome disease is feeding on corn stalks through the winter. The Prairie Farmer says:—"We have a horse which had the heaves a year ago and coughed badly. Last fall we commenced feeding on corn-stalks and continued nearly all the past winter. To our great satisfaction he has exhibited none of the usual symptoms of heaves—has not had a cough that would be noticed, drives well, and breathes without the least difficulty." Well cured corn-stalks, cut before frost-bitten, are good fodder, and horses, colts, cows, or sheep, will do about as well on them as on hay. Horses at all affected with the heaves will do better when fed upon them, than upon clover hay. A great many horse owners have communicated facts to different agricultural papers, going to show that chopped straw, wet, of good timothy hay, cut and wet, would improve the health of a heavy horse. Dusty hay, musty oats, exposure to changes of weather, always increase the cough and difficult breathing which constitutes the heaves. In the way of medicines, a great many have been proposed; we have but little faith in any of them, unless accompanied with care in feeding and diet, as well as overwork and exposure.

Coffee as a Deodoriser.—Now that the "sporting season" has again come in, we beg to remind sportsmen, and others, that fresh-ground coffee is a perfect and safe deodoriser; a sprinkling will keep game fresh and sweet for several days. Clean your game—that is wipe off the blood—cover the wounded parts with absorbent paper, wrap up the heads, and then sprinkle ground coffee over and amongst the feathers or fur, as the case may be; pack up carefully, and the game will be preserved clean and sweet in the most unfavorable weather. Game sent open and loose cannot, of course, be treated in this manner; but all game packed in boxes or hampers may be deodorised as described. A teaspoonful of coffee is enough for a brace of birds, and in this proportion for more or for larger game. Fresh-ground coffee may be used with advantage in a sick room; a few spoonfuls spread and exposed on a plate, and burned by a red hot iron, is a safe and pleasant fumigator.—*Builder.*

Death of Two Men from the Fumes of Coal Gas.—Two colored coachmen were lately found dead in their bed, in a private stable, in Boston, under the following circumstances:

It appears that in the room adjoining their bedroom they had lighted a fire of hard coal in a cylinder stove, probably kindling it with charcoal. In the ringless door of this stove there was a hole two or more inches in size, and from this aperture the coal gas entered the room, the draught of the stove having been closed. The windows of the room were all shut, and after the men had retired to bed they were, probably, soon under the influence of the fatal vapor. There was no contortion of the features, each man lying in his natural position, and there was no appearance of a struggle. Death came to them during their slumbers. Their mouths were covered with mucus, or froth.

Chemistry of Electricity.—There exists between the living plant and the soil supporting it, an electric current, which always moves in the same direction; that is, the soil is constantly positive, the plant continually negative. This fact was first observed by Becquerel, Sen., and for several years it had been pointed out by him as one of the causes of atmospheric electricity. On repeating his experiments, lately, he was struck by certain anomalies in operating on the bank of a stream and at certain distances from plants. He discovered that electrical currents change their direction and intensity with the chemical composition of the water in the soil; alkaline water being negative, and acid waters positive.

The Episcopal Churches.—A new party has lately sprung up in the Episcopal Church which bids fair to sweep away the old landmarks and to break down both the old factions of high church and low-church. It is called the "Broad Church party," and is well officered, and counts in its ranks much of the young blood and active zeal of the church. Its shibboleth is the "memorial" presented three years ago by Dr. Muhlenburg and others, and its creed is "ritual relaxation," "abridged services," "smaller bishoprics," and "church charities." The old high church party, under the lead of the Churchman, give it no quarter, and the old low church party, headed by the Protestant Churchmen, denounce it hotly.

The Expected Great Comet.—Several of our contemporaries state that J. R. Hind, the celebrated English astronomer, having enticed Prof. Luttrow, Vienna, to search for the astronomical charts of Faorines and Joachim Heller—who had devoted much attention to the course of the great comet of 1556 which had a tail of 60 degrees—their efforts have been crowned with success, and from an examination of these charts Mr. Hind has come to the conclusion that the reappearance of this comet is near at hand.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 200—Adults 69, and children 101.

Decline in Price.—*The Warrenton Fauquier, (Va.) Flag notices a decline in the price of negroes, and says that several sold to the highest bidder on Monday, at prices ranging several hundred dollars below sums paid for the same description of servants a few weeks ago. This decline may be owing to the threats of Brooks, Wise and others, relative to an attempted dissolution of the Union.*

A Reminiscence.

Where fam'd "old Drury" stood in days of yore,
Rockhill & Wilson keep their splendid store!
There, on the spot illustrious of old,
Splendid Coats Vests, and Pants are made and sold.
Where once a "Kean or Cooper" were the rage,
Rockhill & Wilson now ensnap the stage.
And where has strutted oft the ermin'd king,
They can attire with ease the real thing.
Admission free.—no charge for any pit,
Our sovereigns enter and obtain a fit.
"From gay to grave, from lively to serene,"
All shades of taste are quickly suited here.
And who, we ask, in life's short breathing span
But wishes to be thought a well-dressed man?
Enough—but yet one word—let all who vote
Arm for their duty with a splendid Coat,
Or Vest or Pants—
Obtainable at Rockhill & Wilson's New Brown Stone Store, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut Street above Sixth, Philada.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Robert Sears, No. 181 William street, New York, for a Descriptive Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," the best and most saleable Book now published for Agents. sep18-tf

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA, AT EPHESUS, was spared by Xerxes, though he burnt all the other temples in his way to Greece. Eventually it was destroyed by some young scamp on the very day that Alexander the Great was born, simply that he might be talked of by posterity. We venture to remark that the beautiful clothing from the establishment of Granville Stokes, No. 209 Chestnut St., Philada., occasions more comment in the 19th century than this incendiary act.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 42 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jy7-tf

☞ PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT—In every town and village, for any number of young men, to sell Valuable Books, and to canvass for our Popular and Scientific Journals. *All who engage with us will be secured from the possibility of loss.* Profits very liberal. Please address, FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York. sep27-tf

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

Danville, Pa., July 5th, 1856

Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, in cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a *single Fit;* the *use of my limbs has returned,* and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, John Ware.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen,	G. S. Brown,
Geo. S. Sanders,	G. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones,	Thomas Woods,

J. S. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 56 CHESTNUT St. ap6-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Shrewsbury, Mass. at the Congregational Church, on Thursday morning, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. N. W. Williams, Mr. Joseph B. Tilton, of Boston, to Miss Josephine Barclay, of Philadelphia.

On the 7th instant, in Trinity Chapel, Wilmington, Del. by the Rev. Charles Breck, George P. McLean, of Pittsburg, Pa. to Anna Hinds, of the former place. Pittsburg papers please copy.

On Thursday evening, 9th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. C. C. Wood, to Miss Rachah Ann Stockton, daughter of Chas. Stockton, Esq. both of this city

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. John O'Neill, Mr. Hiram Johnson, of New Castle county, Del. to Miss Rachel McMullen, of Rockdale, Del. county, Pa

On the same day, by the same, Mr. George Thompson, of New Castle county, Del to Miss Ellen Jane, daughter of Mr. Robert McCartney, of Crosierville, Del. county, Pa.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 9th, by the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, J. Ridgway Jones, of St. Paul, Minnesota, to Helen, daughter of Charles Harbert, of this city.

On the 2d instant by the Rev. William Ramsey, Mr. John F. Roberts, to Miss Eliza J. Millikin, of Chester co. Pa.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Geo W. German, Mr. Talbert Johnson, to Miss Maria Dunham, both of this city.

On the 12th of August, by the Rev. John J. Jones, Mr. John Keeley, to Miss Kate McNally, both of this city.

On the 5th of June last, by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of the Rev. Richard Vane, Mayor, of Philadelphia, Nathan H. Sharpless, Esq. to Fanny M. daughter of John J. White, Esq. both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. William Hague, to Miss Mary Griffiths, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jeremiah Abermore, Mr. John Martin, to Miss Lucinda Burrell, both of Philadelphia.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Wm. Reinoch, Mr. Edmond Carpenter, to Kate E. Dubbs, both of Haverford, Del. county, Pa.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. B. Griffith, Mr. William Stauffer, to Miss Anne Graham, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke Louden, Mr. Charles Sweny, to Miss Mary J. Spear, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr. William Hill, to Mrs. Elizabeth Little, both of Philadelphia.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D. Mr. John M. Murray, to Miss Mary E. Berry, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. Thomas C. Groton, to Miss Harriet E. Brachenridge, both of West Philadelphia.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. Nathaniel O. Gandy, to Miss Sarah Mick, both of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Tompkinson, to Miss Susanna Dowland, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. John A. Vaux, to Miss Mary E Davis, both of Philadelphia.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Charles E. Hill, Mr. William B. Webster, to Mrs. Eliza L. Smith, both of Burlington.

On the 1st of July last, by the Rev. John C. Clay, Joseph G. Wilson, to Ophelia Sears, both of this city.

At the Rising Sun, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. William H. Cook, to Miss Sarah A. Frame, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th ultimo, at Baltimore, Md. Emma Jane, only child of Seth S. and Eliza G. Hance, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Margaret H. Watt, aged 31.

On the 7th instant, Lydia, widow of the late Christopher M. Jones, aged 74 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. John H. Faunce, aged 25 years.

On the 7th instant, Hester, daughter of the late Wm. Cooke, aged 16 years.

On the 7th instant, Thomas Brown, aged 44 years.

On the 7th instant, Emily T. Delbridge, aged 7 years and 9 months.

On the 8th instant, Mrs Harriet Hoffman, aged 52 years.

On the 8th instant, Patrick Dennet, aged 32 years.

On the 7th instant, Willis Lord, son of Geo W. and Mary A. Harvey, aged 4 years and 2 months.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Anna D. Quaan, aged 72 years.

On the 6th instant, Rebecca, wife of Isaac Corson, aged 56 years.

On the 7th instant, Mr George Lindsay, aged 58 years.

On the 6th instant, Mary Jane, daughter of Bernard and Elizabeth Murphy, aged 1s years.

On the 8th instant, Harriet F. daughter of Manoel and Lucy A. D. Passos, aged 3 years and 9 months.

On the 7th instant, Ida, daughter of John H. and Matilda Minteer, aged 3 years.

On the 6th instant, Thomas Ascough, aged 57 years.

On the 5th instant, Robert, son of Robert and Ellen Sweeney, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Mary Armstrong, aged 70 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. Sarah, wife of George Downing, aged 56 years.

On the 6th instant, Margaret Eliza, daughter of Jacobus and Caroline Kozmick, aged 4 years.

On the 5th instant, Alice Lydia, daughter of Washington and Eliza P. Davis, aged 4 years.

On the 6th instant, John E. Stuffman, aged 30 years.

On the 5th instant, Elizabeth Kerr, aged 64 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. Henry Fenner, aged 56 years.

On the 5th instant, Catharine, wife of Michael McDonnell, aged 23 years.

On the 4th instant, Dr Samuel W. Foster.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. Mary Filling, aged 68 years.

On the 4th instant, Lorenzo W. son of John and Sarah Dolton, aged 10 years and 3 months.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. Jane McCarney, aged 54 years.

On the 5th instant, Francis Kirkcold, son of Anthony and Julia Tastor, aged 7 years and 3 months.

On the 4th instant, George T. son of Thomas and Mary A. Pratt, aged 11 years and 3 months.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. Margaret Latting, daughter of the late Capt. Jas Montgomery.

On the 3d instant, Ella E. Brady, daughter of Fred'k W. and Ann M. Miller, aged 7 years.

On the 4th instant, Edwin A. Bloxsamer, aged 21 years.

On the 6th instant, at Chestnut Hill, Sarah S. wife of Henry Sellers.

On the 5th instant, Mr John F. Warner, aged 55 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. Eliza Kane, aged 77 years.

On the 3d instant, Jane Bryan, aged 81 years.

On the 5th instant, Mary Agatha, daughter of James and Ann McGlinchey, aged 3 years.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double column Advertisements—Seventy-five cents a line for the first insertion, Sixty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
By Withers & Peterson, Bankers,
No. 29 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 13, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**VIRGINIA.**	
Harvest banks	par to ¼ dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Hollidaysburg	¼ dis	Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Treas Alleghany	3 dis
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Corp'n Alexandria	¼ dis
Merch bk Brunswick	10 dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	10 dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
DELAWARE.		**GEORGIA.**	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Under bks	¼ dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
MARYLAND.		Bk of Macon & Savannah	no sale
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	Atlanta	50 dis
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Pl ntn & Mechs Bank Dalton	no sale
Sav & Mech bk, Kent Co.	1 dis	**ALABAMA.**	
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		Bk of Mobile	¼ dis
Exchange bk	30 dis	Other solvent bks	5 dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
NEW YORK.		All bks	uncertain
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
8th Avenue bk	2 dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Knickerbocker bk	¼ dis	**OHIO.**	
Jones bk	25 dis	Solvent bks	1 dis
Par bk, Canandaigua	25 dis	Bk of Chillicothe	50 dis
Mer & Man bk, Geneva	20 dis	Canal Bk, Cleveland	¼ dis
Exch bk, Hudson,	50 dis	City Bk Columbus	¼ dis
Empire City bk	¼ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Central bk	¼ dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
MAINE.		**INDIANA.**	
Solvent bks	¼ dis	State Bk	¼ dis
Bk of Hallowell	¼ dis	Free bks	5 to 10 dis
Canal bk	10 dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
Ellsworth bk	50 dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Quincy City bk	10 dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis	Railroad Bk, Decatur,	¼ dis
VERMONT.		**MISSOURI.**	
Solvent bks	¼ dis	Solvent bks	¼ dis
Solvent banks	¼ dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
South Reading bk	2 dis	Solvent bks	2 dis
CONNECTICUT.		Small notes	2½ dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solvent bks	¼ dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis	**ARKANSAS.**	
RHODE ISLAND.		All bks	no sale
Solvent bks	¼ dis	**WISCONSIN.**	
CANADA.		Solvent bks	¼ dis
Solvent bks	2 dis	**TEXAS.**	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Com & Agricultural bk, Galveston,	10 dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis		
Small notes	¼ dis		

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A LADY who has been cured of great Nervous Debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, MRS. MARY E. DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent, free, by mail post oct4-3m

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THE SUBSCRIBER IS NOW PREPARED, with increased facilities, to manufacture all kinds of IRON WORK, such as RAILINGS for Parks, Gardens, Cemeteries, Balconies, Steps, Areas, Verandahs, &c. Also, Fountains, Statuary, Hat Racks, Tables, Settees, Chairs, Stairs, &c. Having the largest assortment of patterns of any establishment in the Union, and a perfect practical knowledge of all work to which they have been adapted.

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☞ 989 AGENTS WANTED TO SELL these RECIPES. ☜ Recipe for making Honey *as good as that made by bees and which does not cost one six cents per pound, sent for One Dollar in gold.*

oct11-4

Wit and Humor.

SCENE IN THE UNITED STATES GRAND JURY ROOM.

The United States Grand Jury (New York) is generally a more reputable body than those attached to our State Courts. Before it comes specialties, persons charged with counterfeiting coin, robbing the post office, getting up slavers in our ports, mutiny and piracy on high seas. Before the U. S. Grand Juries appear the poor sailors, generally acting as defendants, rarely complainants. Having no local interests to appeal to while on shore, they are made the sport of fortune, and are probably the worst treated, and most abused men we have among us, claiming to be American citizens. Hard cases are continually presented where poor Jack is shown to be beaten, manacled, starved, and tormented through a long voyage, yet there is scarcely an instance where the guilty parties are punished. A little delay takes the witnesses "off on another voyage," and all the satisfaction poor Jack obtains, is a long confinement in the Tombs, or some other prison, so that he may be on hand "to prosecute." On the recent sitting of the Grand Jury, the usual number of substantial citizens, "solid men," came together, and when organized, the Hon. ex-Mayor James Harper was duly elected foreman. His honor is not only overflowing with the milk of human kindness, but he has a great love for the humorous, joined with a stern sense of justice; so he was just the man for the place, and while doing his duty managed to dispense justice with mercy. Among the incidents occurring in the course of the "judicial investigations," was the one so happily sketched by a gentleman on the jury, and furnished for our columns. It seems that a sailor, under the influence of passion, and bad liquor, and unqualified abuse, had struck "his Captain," and in turn was assaulted "by the combined officers," and of course got the worst of it. On his arrival in New York, he was put in prison, and finally brought before the Grand Jury to give an account of himself. The examination was made as follows:—

Foreman. "You say, sir, that you were not guilty of mutiny?"

Sailor. "Guilty of mutiny, yer honor; what may that be? I'm an old sailor for thirty years, and never been in that port in my life, yer honor."

Foreman. "Did you not endeavor to create an outbreak, or keep your brother sailors from obeying orders?"

Sailor. "No, yer honor; I was shipped as a fo'castle hand, and did my duty like a parson at grub time."

Foreman. "Did you not make an assault on the captain of the ship?"

Sailor. "Assault, yer honor! No, sir. You see, the *skipper* took a dislike to me, because I called his ship a bloody old blubber hunter, and when he came bearing down on me, I run out fenders to keep him off, yer honor."

Foreman. "Is it usual for sea captains to come 'bearing down,' as you term it, on sailors for calling their ships 'bloody blubber hunters?'"

Sailor. "Not a bit of it, yer honor; for what is a fellow to do if he can't blow a bit of a squall without getting ruffles on his fore sweeps, and his hatchways stove in, to say nothing of his toplights and sky scrapers?"

Ex-Mayor Harper, (rather puzzled.) "How did the difficulty happen?"

Sailor. "There was no difficulty, yer honor. You see I happened to square off in a neutral port, when under peace orders, and happened to come foul of a heavy craft; beside being run into by the mate and doctor, yer honor, the skipper came down with a handspike, and bringing it athwart my scuttle-butt, carried away my jib-sheets, and I went down stern foremost, yer honor, and that was the whole of it."

One of the Jurors, (with marked doubt on his face.) "Am I to understand that even 'the doctor' of the ship assaulted you? Remember, sir, you are under oath."

Sailor. "Yes, sir, the doctor was in the galley, getting up the *slush*, and he had the grub in the starboard copper; he's a nigger, yer honor, with a figure-head as hard as a missionary's heart, and underpins as crooked as a rope spliced round the mainmast."

Another Juror, (to querist.) "Jack means the cook, and not an M. D."

Sailor, (gaining confidence.) "Yer honor, after we got our *rigging* foul, and I struck my colors, you see, the skipper run me down the hold, put me on short allowance, and stopped my grog, yer honor, which you know is bad. (Here Jack looked equivocally at the ex-Mayor, and the jurors joined in a general smile. Jack, judging his remarks were popular, continued:) You see, yer honor, a man without his grog is high and dry, sure enough, yer honor; for what would yer honor do without splicing the the main brace occasionally? (Another general smile among the jurors, in consideration of the ex-Mayor's temperance principles.) But what's the use in putting my hull into a jug? What chance can I have, yer honor, among the quicksands in port, running afoul, on every tack, of land-sharks in the shape of lawyers, and getting robbed by piratical crafts under false colors, and— (Here his honor had a few words with his fellow jurors, and with a benign smile bid Jack to depart, with the admonition, 'Not to drink any more, and never get into trouble again.') It's your honor's health I'll drink, good luck to ye, and I wish you may never want a shot in your locker, nor a snug port to lie by in—shiver my toplights, if I don't," and with this general blessing, Jack "sailed out of sight."—*Leslie's Illustrated News.*

A CALIFORNIA COMPROMISE.—The following occurred in California in its palmy days, when *alcaldes*, elected by the *miners* of the district, dispensed equal and exact justice to all.

An individual by the name of *Green* had borrowed some forty dollars of another of the *soubriquet* of *Shortez*.

Now Shortez could not obtain the money, though Green had struck a *lead*, and was known to have dust. Green was a large, powerful man, but no grit, and Shortez offered to fight him for the money, but Green backed water.

Well, the claim was brought before the *alcalde*, on a cold, rainy, dismal evening, and as there was considerable talk about it, the boys gathered in to see the fun—rather a motley appearing crowd, with long beards and hair, patched pants, rimless hats, toeless boots, &c. The Hon. Judge was unwell, but sat up in his bunk, with a red *bandana* tied round his head. The case was clearly proven. The alcalde decided that Green must pay, and if he would not, a committee of three were to search him or his cabin and get the money, and also the court costs. Upon this Shortez deliberately rose and said, "Your honor, I will forgive him the debt, and pay the costs besides, if he will only give me a fight, so that I can *whale* him."

Green, when he heard this, squared himself, thinking that the court room would be sacred; but Shortez pitched in at once and clinched. Several, myself included, sprang in to separate them, when, in deep tones and waving the bandana, the judge exclaimed, "*Gentlemen, gentlemen, stand back! If the parties wish to effect a compromise, don't interfere!*" And we stood back. Saw Green whipped in a few seconds and after that obliged to pay the funds.—*Cor. Porter's Spirit.*

AN AWFUL SUPPOSITION.—Some editor says that the destiny of the world often hangs on the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. To which the Chicago Advertiser says—"Yes, that is the fact. Suppose a 'little miff' had taken place between Adam and Eve! What then?"

EXCELSIOR!

BY A GUEST.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the Astor lobby passed,
A chap who'd come thro' snow and ice,
And wanted lodgings warm and nice,
Himself to thaw.

He sought the clerk and got a room,
His brow it quick o'erspread with gloom,
For as his quick eye scanned the key,
Number two hundred he could see,
And twenty-four.

He passes up not over light,
The parlor fires gleam warm and bright,
Above a spectral stair case shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Excelsior."

"What is your room," a porter cried,
The stranger fiercely him replied,
"My number, sir!" he thundered,
"Is twice a distant, distant hundred"
"And twenty-four."

Stay, said a chamber maid, and rest;
His arm about her waist he pressed,
And kissed her; and she cried, "Oh, my!"
He only answered with a sigh,
"Excelsior."

"Take care, sir-ee," and do not fall,
"Right down the stairs into the hall;"
This was a small boy's last good-night,
A voice replied from the next flight,
"Excelsior."

At break of day as those poor brutes,
The porters climbed to get the boots,
And as they mounted stair by stair,
A voice came thro' the startled air,
"Excelsior."

Our traveller at length they found,
Stretched at his length upon the ground,
The key he grasped, they held to light,
And there two hundred met their sight
And twenty-four

Then John the porter says "I'm blest,
"The old cove's sat down here to rest;"
The chamber yet is three flights high,
The stranger muttered with a sigh,
"Excelsior."

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Growling, grumblingly he lay;
The porters bore him to his bed,
"This is two hundred, sir," they said,
"And twenty-four."

BIG BRINDLE.

In Nashville, many years ago, there resided a gentleman of great hospitality, large fortune, and though uneducated, possessed of hard knot sense. Col. W. had been elected to the Legislature and had also been judge of the county court.

His elevation, however, had made him somewhat pompous, and he became very fond of using big words. On his farm he had a large, mischievous ox, called "Big Brindle," which frequently broke down his neighbor's fences, and committed other depredations, much to the Colonel's annoyance.

One morning, after breakfast, in presence of some large gentlemen who had staid with him over the night, and were now on their way to town, he called his overseer, and said to him:

"Mr. Allen, I desire you to impound Big Brindle, in order that I may hear no more animadversions on his eternal depredations."

Allen bowed and walked off, sorely puzzled to know what the Colonel meant.

So after Col. W. left for town, he went to his wife and asked her what Col. W. meant by telling him to "impound" the ox.

"Why," said she, "the Col. meant to tell you to put him in a pen."

Allen left to perform the feat, for it was no inconsiderable one, as the animal was very wild and vicious, and after a great deal of trouble and vexation he succeeded.

"Well," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow, and soliloquizing, "this is impounding, is it? Now I'm dead sure the old Col. will ask me if I have impounded Big Brindle, and I bet I'll puzzle him as bad as he did me."

The next day the Colonel gave a dinner party, and as he was not aristocratic, Allen, the overseer, sat down with the company. After the second or third glass was discussed, the Colonel turned to the overseer, and said,

"Eh, Mr. Allen, did you impound Big Brindle, sir?"

Allen straightened himself, and looking around at the company, said,

"Yes, I did; but old Brindle transcended the impanel of the impound, and scatteriophisticated all over the equanimity of the forest."

The company burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, while the Colonel's face reddened with discomfiture.

"What do you mean by that, sir," said he.

"Why, I mean, Colonel," said Allen, "that old Brindle being drognosticated with an idea of the cholery, ripped and tared, snorted and pawed dirt, jumped the fence, tuck to the woods, and would not be impounded no how."

This was too much; the company roared again, in which the Colonel was forced to join, and in the midst of the laughter, Allen left the table, saying to himself as he went, "I reckon the Colonel won't ask me to impound any more oxen."

REASONABLE REQUEST.—A facetious Irish barrister, who neither acknowledged nor repudiated the code of honor, sent some of his witty shafts so truly home to another braggadocio brother chip of the real Cockney school, that a challenge was the result. It was accepted, and the parties retired to a common near London to settle the matter with pistols. There happened to be a milestone standing on the spot selected, and the Cockney, who was lame, asked the Irishman if he would permit him, on account of his lameness, to rest upon the milestone while he fired. "Most unquestionably," was the reply. The ground was measured up to the milestone, the pistols were being loaded, and the Cockney was taking up his position, when the Irishman, in the blandest and most polite manner imaginable, asked his antagonist if he would grant him one request. "Certainly—what is it?" "Just that you will have the kindness to allow me to rest upon the other milestone while we are firing at each other." This discharge of general humor put an end to the duel, and they returned good friends.

PARITY OF REASONING.—Lately, at a distribution of prizes in a German village, a little girl seven years old, whose parents had just been turned out of their lodgings, because they had failed to pay their rent, was asked by the rector:

"Have you studied sacred history, my child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the history of the creation?"

"I know that God made all."

"Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then, fixing her eyes on the examiner, replied—

"*Probably they were turned out because they could not pay their rent!*"

☞ It is related by Miss Edgeworth that a gentleman, while attending an examination of a school, where every question was answered with the greatest promptness, put some questions to the pupils which were not exactly the same as found in the book. After numerous ready answers to their teacher on the subject of geography, he asked one of the pupils where Turkey was? She answered rather hesitatingly, "In the yard, with the rest of the poultry."

SENTIMENT AND SEAWEED.

Adolphus has a great deal of sentiment—but it requires all the fervency of his love for Angeline, to reconcile him to that bunch of dripping seaweed. Ladies at the sea-shore should not impose such terrible tasks upon the sensitive hearts and unspotted pantaloons of their devoted admirers.

ACTION OF SUGAR ON THE TEETH.—The Charleston (S. C.) Medical Journal states that Mr. Larez, in the course of his investigations on the teeth, arrived at the following conclusions:—

1st. Refined sugar, from either cane or beets, is injurious to healthy teeth, either by immediate contact with these organs, or by the gas developed, owing to its stoppage in the stomach.

2nd. If a tooth is macerated in a saturated solution of sugar, it is so much altered in the chemical composition that it becomes gelatinous, and its enamel opaque, spongy and easily broken.

3rd. This modification is due, not to free acid, but to a tendency of sugar to combine with the calcareous basis of the tooth.

The foregoing conclusions are correct, and candies and condiments should be avoided. They should be kept from children especially. It is well known that maple sugar renders the teeth tender and sensitive.

THE DISCOVERY OF WINE.—The discovery of wine, as given on the authority of an ancient MS. by Sir John Malcom, may be thus briefly told:—The Persian Emperor, who founded Persepolis, being extremely fond of grapes, put some in jars to preserve them; tasting them while fermenting, he found them so bad that he put them back, and marked "poison" on the jars. His favorite mistress, from some cause, weary of life, drank the liquor, which (fermentation having been at an end) was so pleasant as to reconcile her to life, instead of poisoning her. The king found out what had taken place—and thus wine was discovered.

Useful Receipts.

DISINFECTANT.—One pint of the "Liquor of Chloride of Zinc" in one pailfull of water, and one pound of Chloride of Lime in another pailfull of water. This is perhaps the most effective, theoretically and practically, of anything that can be used, and when thrown into privy vaults, cesspools, or upon decaying matter of any description, will effectually destroy all offensive odors. The cost of these substances is thirty-five cents. Keep every spot of your dwelling scrupulously clean and dry, from cellar to garret, and from the line fence in the rear to the centre of the street in front.—*Journal of Health.*

TOOTH WASH.—The safest, cheapest, most universally accessible, and most efficient, is a piece of White Soap, with a moderately stiff tooth brush, every morning. In addition, immediately after each meal, use simple tepid water, with a brush not so stiff, use it slowly, with a perpendicular twist, so as to remove particles of food more thoroughly from between the teeth. At the same time, twist the brush horizontally across the back part of the tongue. In this way, the smell of the food on the breath of a recent meal is at once removed. It is a bad plan to defer teeth cleaning from supper until bed time, as it only gives the accretions several hours to work their mischief.—*Journal of Health.*

HOW TO KILL MOLES.—Take any quantity of corn, and soak it in a strong solution of arsenic or strychnine—say one drachm of either of said poisons to one pint of warm water. Then, with a sharp stick, make a hole down into the passage of the mole and drop in some corn and cover it up.—*H. Scott, Ohio.*

HOW TO FATTEN FOWLS.—Confine your fowls in a large airy enclosure, and feed them on broken Indian corn, Indian meal, or mush, with raw potatoes cut into small pieces, not larger than a filbert, placing within their reach a quantity of charcoal broken into small pieces. Boiled rice is also good.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take the round, yellow variety as soon as ripe; scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes, add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syrup, removing the scum. Put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again, and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling, put the fruit into jars, and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Gather the large, juicy, flap-mushrooms, that are too ripe for pickling or stewing. Remove all decayed matter and foreign substances, and put the mushrooms into an earthen jar, with a little salt sprinkled over each layer. Cover, and leave them near the fire for twenty-four hours. Strain off the liquor into a clean saucepan. Let it boil over a good fire for half an hour, then add to every quart of liquor two teaspoonfuls of black peppercorns, one teaspoonful of allspice, three small slices of fresh ginger, a few blades of mace, three or four cloves, and a sprinkle of Cayenne pepper. Let it simmer till reduced one half. Take it off and cover it. When sufficiently cool, fill small glass bottles quite full. Dip off the liquid without disturbing the sediment, which can be saved for soups, or fish-sauces, or put into a linen bag for the top of the pickle-pot. Cork closely, and lay the bottles on their sides in a dry, cool closet.

LIQUID INDIA RUBBER.—India rubber, cut into thin strips and immersed in spirits of turpentine in a close vessel and kept warm, will dissolve, and in that state can be put on with a brush, forming a water-proof coating for anything to which it may be applied. It has the objection, however, of keeping its *tack*—stickiness—and in this respect it is seldom used except for coating wood or other work placed in water.

Agricultural.

FATTENING SWINE.

If you have no hog-pens among the appointments of your farm, have some immediately put up, so that when it shall be time to put your hogs up to fatten, the pens may be ready for their reception.—The pens should have a feeding and sleeping apartment, with a yard attached to each. In each pen there should be a *rubbing post*. The surface of each yard should be formed into a basin-like form, over which a bushel of plaster should be spread, and then covered several inches in depth with woods mould, marsh mud, river or creek mud, the earth from headlands, or ditch or road scrapings, weeds, &c., all of which materials during the fattening season, will be converted into good manure; for there are no better manufacturers of manure than hogs. Without entering into any detail of the constituent elements of hog manure, we would say, that it is considered, in the view of chemists, superior to that of the cow, and this estimate is borne out in practice by the closest agricultural observers. When theory and practice both arrive at the same conclusion, we may be sure that this opinion is very nearly founded in truth.

In filling the yard of a hog pen with the substances named, every few inches of the matter as it is being placed in and spread on the yard, should be dusted over with *plaster*, or with pulverized charcoal, to prevent the escape of the ammonia. Occasionally, stable and cow-yard manure should be thrown over the surface, and be treated to sprinklings of plaster or pulverized charcoal.—To encourage the hogs to *root*, every few days grains of corn should be distributed over the yards—in consuming and searching for the corn, the hogs root up and intimately mix all the substances together, and thereby assure an equality in the value of the compound—a matter of great consideration in such bodies. If you provide your hogs with the rough material named, each hog during the fattening season will make two loads of good compost manure. To show the value of the urine of the fattening hog, we will remark, that it is estimated by chemists that it is as rich in the elements of vegetable productions, as is that of human urine, and that in every pint of the latter there are the elements of a pint of wheat. If this be true, and we believe that it is, we would ask, is it not worth while for agriculturists to put themselves to the trouble of saving so fruitful a fertilizer as hog-manure, solid as well as liquid?

TREATMENT OF HOGS WHEN TAKEN UP.—All hogs when first taken up for fattening, should receive three or four doses of flour of sulphur, and as many of copperas, in doses of a tablespoon, at intervals of two days apart. These should be given them in messes of bran or meal. Such doses serve to cool the blood, strengthen the digestive organs, and remove those worms which sometimes attack the kidneys.

AS TO THEIR FOOD.—Their food for the first two or three weeks should be pumpkins, apples, roots and other vegetables, which would be the better of being cooked and mixed with bran, or meal of some kind; the latter being increased from day to day, gradually, so that when the hogs come to have corn or meal altogether, the change may not be injuriously felt by them.

Whether *corn* or *corn meal* be fed out to the hogs, a great saving will be effected by having either cooked, and it is immaterial whether it be boiled or steamed. A saving may be effected by cooking of from 15 to 20 per cent.—by grinding into meal and cooking, of 30 per cent.

MATERIALS FOR THE HOG-PEN YARD.—A trough should be kept in the yard, at all times supplied with *charcoal, wood ashes, rotten wood* and *coarse salt*; these substances keep the tone of the hogs' stomachs in order, encourage their appetites, promote digestion, and keep the animals in health.

TIME OF FEEDING.—It is all important that the hogs be regularly fed, at stated hours, three times a day, say morning early, at noon, and just before sun-down.

OF THEIR SLEEPING APARTMENTS.—These should be supplied with fresh leaves or straw twice a week, so that by their comfortable bedding they may be induced to devote a considerable portion of their time to sleeping—sleep being a great promoter of fat.

TIME OF TAKING UP HOGS TO FATTEN.—The precise time to take up hogs to fatten, cannot be well stated: *the time* must depend upon the *supply of mast* in the *woods*; while that supply is amply sufficient to keep the hogs in a growing state—while they increase in size and fat, they can very safely be permitted to remain in the woods; the time for removal to the pens, then, is when the hogs, by their appearance, begin to show an insufficient supply of food.—*American Farmer.*

PUMPKINS.—Your crop of pumpkins should be gathered before they are injured by the frost. As to *the time* of gathering them, your own good judgment must determine. Have them carefully pulled, and as carefully hauled, so as to avoid bruising them. Stow them away carefully in a cool place. In feeding them out to your hogs and milch cows, you will increase their value as food by having them cooked. For hogs, especially, cooking is necessary, as it prevents their purging—for hogs, the addition of bran or meal is an improvement—for milch cows, they should have added bran or meal, and chopped straw or hay.—*American Farmer.*

VALUE OF CARROTS.

Carrots are very excellent *fodder* for horses that have been kept long on highly carbonaceous food, and whose digestive organs may be out of order in consequence of their constant activity in reducing meal and oats into the elements of animal nutrition. With a fair allowance of carrots, ground oats, and sweet hay, a horse will enjoy good health and spirits, have a loose hide, shining coat, and healthy lungs. A daily allowance of carrots should always be furnished to horses, the subjects of indigestion; whose food often runs into fermentation, inducing diarrhœa, or a lax washy state of the bowels. Carrots furnish an acid called *pectic*, which possesses the curious property of gelatinizing the watery contents of the digestive cavities. A few drops of this pectic acid will gelatinize both, and when mixed with the juice of an orange changes the same into jelly. So that if the alvine discharges of a horse are watery, carrots can be used as a valuable therapeutic agent, both in view of arresting the same and restoring the tone of the stomach and bowels. By examining the excrement of a horse, fed in part on carrots, it will be found to contain no undigested hay nor oats, and therefore we may safely infer that they promote digestion, so that by the constant use of carrots, less quantities of hay and oats will suffice than when a larger amount is consumed, and parted with, in an undigested state. For fattening animals, carrots are exceedingly valuable. It will be urged that carrots are not very nutritious. That may be; still, if they possess the property of gelatinizing the contents of the stomach and bowels, they aid in the manufacture of fat out of other food, which might otherwise pass out of the system.

It is said that the milk of a cow at mid-winter, fed on carrots, is equal in flavor to that supplied from clover in summer, while the butter made from such milk, presents a rich orange color, and does not taste, as some persons suppose, of the peculiar flavor of this vegetable. Two bushels of oats and one of carrots is better food for a horse than three bushels of oats without carrots, and when the animal is used for light work only, the quantity of carrots may be increased.

The reader must bear in mind, however, that animals, like ourselves, have their peculiar idyosyncracies or susceptibilities—"what is one man's food is another's poison"—and some might digest and thrive amazingly on a given article of food, while an equal number shall lose both flesh and spirits. There appears, however, to be less objection to the *judicious* use of carrots than many other vegetables, both as regards horses and cattle.

If any of our readers happen to have what we term a "*stall* fed horse, and the same shall be subject to the heaves," (sometimes a symptom of indigestion only,) let them take away fine meal and substitute carrots, and our word for it, the horse will improve.—*American Veterinary Journal.*

CLOVER PASTURAGE—HOVEN.—For milch cows clover constitutes one of the best pastures. Care must be used in turning them on it in the spring, otherwise they are liable to be hoven—that is, from fermentation of the clover in the first stomach, they become so distended with gas as to endanger their lives, if not speedily relieved. To guard against this, they must not be turned on the clover till the dew is entirely dried off; and if the pasture is good, they should not be allowed to remain on more than an hour at a time.

If any cattle should become hoven, they may be promptly relieved by the following simple process:

As soon as you discover the affection, which you will know by their swollen appearance and uneasy movements, make a stout rope, well twisted, about as thick as your wrist, turn the cow into her stall, and putting the rope into her mouth, tie it over the top of her head behind her horns; secure it well and turn her loose. In her endeavors to get rid of the rope, she will so turn up her head as to allow the escape of the gas, and in fifteen minutes she will be relieved.

Some five or six years ago, we found six of our cows thus affected at the same time. Having somewhere read of the above remedy, we tried it, with immediate success; the cattle were so much affected, that they must have died if not relieved. We have seen it tried several times, and always with success.—*Louisville Journal.*

Last week a fine Devon heifer was taken with hoven. She was caught, and a couple of slices of fat salt pork put down her throat. She was well in a short time. This has always proved a sure remedy with us.—*Prairie Farmer.*

TIME TO SET APPLE TREES.—October is one of the best months to transplant apple trees. After the frost has so nipped the leaves as to stop the circulation of the sap, the trees may be taken up and transplanted.

It is a question whether this work is best done in the fall or in the spring. Each season has its advantages. We have more time in autumn, and as we can so easily bank up the tree with earth to support it, and to keep away the mice, we need not fear to set our best trees as soon as they cease to grow.

If any one would set trees before the frost has nipped the leaves, he may do it by first stripping off all the leaves, for these will no longer draw forth the sap, and no risk will be run even when the trees are taken up in September.

By throwing up a little bank around each tree at this time of year the labor of staking will be saved, and the mice will do no harm unless the trees are set near some old wall, in which case particular care should be taken to guard them.

The mulching may all be done in the spring after the little mounds are levelled down—or it may be done at the time of setting, provided proper care is taken to cover up all the straw, &c., about the trees.

After all it is of but little consequence how or when trees are set, unless you take care to procure good ones. If you take the refuse trees from a nursery—or buy them of a strolling dealer in cheap articles, you may as well set them in one way as in another. But good trees will be sure to produce fruit by the fourth year after setting.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CATTLE YARDS.—If you have not hitherto done so, permit us now to prevail upon you to take this our advice: have as many loads of rough materials hauled and spread over your cow yard, as will make twelve inches in depth. In spreading, so fashion the materials as to be basin shaped, the lowest point being in the centre, to prevent the escape of the urine. While the rough materials are being placed in and spread on the yard, dust each layer so spread with *plaster*, or with pulverized charcoal, and when completed, dust the surface with either of the substances named; then roll the yard to consolidate its contents—the heavier the roller the better. Occasionally throughout the yarding season, spread plaster over the yard, and from time to time add more rough materials.—*American Farmer.*

A HINT ON BUTTER MAKING.—Some people may not know, perhaps, that the cream should be stirred daily after it is put into the cream pot, so that it may be well mixed and all soured alike. There will be much *poorer* buttermilk, and, of course, *more butter* where this is attended to. It is better, too, not to churn cream the same day it is taken from the milk. It should stand awhile with the rest, and be thoroughly mixed together. It takes us 40 minutes to churn, and the butter comes hard and yellow. We put no water in the churn or butter, and think good judges will call the latter first rate. A dash churn is the best *churning machine* yet invented—so at least we believe.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ Claret wine is very easily made. To a gallon of spoilt cider add three cents' worth of logwood to give it "pucker." Bottle and sell at a dollar a bottle, and not a man in the town will suspect that he is not drinking "the best claret that comes into the country."

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.

My 44, 36, 17, 43, 21, 10, 5, 15, 37, 10, was a President of the United States.
My 3, 5, 20, 32, 30, 53, was a King of England.
My 38, 13, 2, 6, 28, 19, 33, 34, 40, 26, 24, 25, 4, was Secretary of the Treasury of the United States in 1841.
My 10, 43, 1, 21, 48, 47, was the inventor of Logarithms.
My 19, 11, 5, 3, 14, 20, 22, 24, 10, 3, 16, was Secretary of the Treasury in 1833.
My 12, 45, 34, 29, 32, 41, 33, was a patriarch and learned writer of the 2th century.
My 4, 36, 10, 21, 3, 35, 31, 38, 20, 36, 39, 32, 19, was Secretary of State in 1841.
My 8, 16, 24, 21, 24, 31, 9, was the inventor of telescopes.
My 22, 24, 42, 46, 40, 35, 9, 10, was a great battle of 1813.
My 10, 18, 12, 11, 2, 6, 27, 10, was one of the greatest warriors that ever lived.
My 22, 36, 36, 52, 52, 8, 45, introduced tobacco into England.
My 13, 39, 30, 29, 10, 20, 17, 33, 41, 27, was Bishop of Alexandria in the 4th century.
My 37, 14, 41, 20, 6, 2, was the inventor of thermometers.
My 43, 52, 34, 7, 49, 30, 23, 18, 10, 7, 42, 35, was deposed for his vices in the 8 h century.
My 18, 10, 10, 6, 30, 6, 24, 25, 27, 33, 46, 26, was a female writer of poems, novels, and dramas, born in 1756.
My whole is a beautiful motto. H. H. C.
Camden.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 4, 3, 2, 4, 6, is a lady's name.
My 1, 2, 6, 4, 10, is made by an insect.
My 2, 4, 6, 9, is used by the Winnebagoes.
My 8, 9, 6, 4, 4, 3, is a man's name.
My 1, 2, 4, is an agricultural instrument.
My 3, 4, 7, 8, is a metal much used.
My 9, 8, 7, is a lady's name.
My whole is the name of a well-known Indian chief.
Saint Paul, M. T. J. C. D.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The morning sun was gilding bright the noble Moorish walls,
And shed a radiant, golden light upon the marble halls;
The gentle wind of regal Spain was whispering through the trees,
The fragrant flower's perfumed breath—the orange-scented breeze—
The Atlantic's waves rose in their might and washed old Castile's shore,
And dashed their sprays o'er giant rocks with a dull unceasing roar.
Ah! there is one who'll brave thy storms, nor heed thy billows high,
He'll nobly stem thy dangerous flood to win a fame or die.
Upon that glitt'ring pebbly beach appeared a princely band,
The lovely—royal Isabella—the noble Ferdinand;
And near, my *first* did nobly rest with its white wings unfurled,
To bear the hopeful Genoese t'unveil a shrouded world.

Aye, there he stood, Columbus bold!—the first on history's page—
To stem alone the public tide of superstition's rage;
He gazed far o'er the billowy waves that dashed their crested foam,
And thought of the lonely sepulchre hewn in the mermaid's home.
And by him stood my *second* true—wild thoughts came o'er his brain—
Of partings sad, no more perhaps on earth to meet again;
His fair-haired boy, his only child, the darling and the pride,
The tears that dimmed his bright, blue eye in vain he'd dash aside.
For his father gazed with his eagle eye undimmed by a parting tear,
But no one knew of the sorrowing heart that clung to the ones so dear;
He clasped the hand of her he loved—the partner of his joy—
And pressed a kiss on his child's fair brow, and blessed the lovely boy.
He stood by my *whole* on his vessel fair, and bid an adieu to Spain,
While blessings rose on the fresh'ning air with the monk's low, sacred strain;
Then my *first* arose with a graceful mein upon the billows white,
And flew away from Castile's shore till it seemed but a speck in sight;
My *second* returned to her lonely hearth—a loving one had gone—
But she clasped her darling to her heart, and said, "I'm not alone!"
Yet, gentle mother, my *whole* despaired—thy God did guide him on,
Till Europe's shores did hail with joy their brave Italian son.
GARMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the sick name of a man,
Try and discover it, if you can;
My second is a kind of "preserve"—
If you guess it, you will it deserve;
A short preposition is my third,
And one of which you have often heard;
My whole a man told of in Scripture,
And one to you well known I'm sure.
New York. NED.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

At the head of a page my *first* will be—
At the front of a lane my *next* you'll see—
My *third* you will find in every lot—
My *fourth* is always the end of a sot.
If you can't guess my whole you ought to be shot.
CINROS.

PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The earth's diameter is 7,764 miles, and its density 400 the moon's diameter is 2,180 miles, and its density 434; Saturn's diameter is 79,043 miles, and its density 67. If, then, the weight of a man at the surface of the earth be 170 pounds, how much more will he weigh at the surface of Saturn than at the surface of the moon? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three numbers: the cube of the first, minus its square, equals the second's square; the square of the second equals the cube of the third, plus the cube of the first, minus 69; the square of the third, plus 6, equals the square of the first. What are the numbers? CALVIN.
Milton, N. Y.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are women like beets? Ans.—Because they are the sweeter.

☞ Why is a rascal up stairs beating his wife, like an honorable man? Ans.—Because he is above doing a mean action.

☞ Why is a woman in love like a man of profound knowledge? Ans.—Because she understands the arts and *sighences*.

☞ When is a lover like an ancient instrument of warfare? Ans.—When he is a cross bean (crossbow.)

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WANTED.
The foundry that casts reflections.
A needle for the thread of discourse.
A few feathers from the wings of morn.
A few splinters of wood from the board of health.
The needle used by the man who took a stitch in his side.
The address of the artist who painted the signs of the times.
To know if the pressure of the times can be used as a propelling power. CLINT.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"This is the end of earth—I am content."—John Quincy Adams. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Thomas Babington Macaulay's History of England. CHARADE.—Hamilton (Ham-il-ton.) CHARADE.—Matrimony. (Mat-rye-mony.) CHARADE.—Antelope. RIDDLE.—Agate. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—9, 12, 3 and 24. PROBLEM.—365 days.

☞ Integrity is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence the third. Without the first the two latter cannot exist, and without the two former, the latter would be often useless.